

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1870.

## The Week.

THE most remarkable piece of war news is the revelation of a secret treaty, said to have been proposed by Louis Napoleon to Bismarck in 1866, by which France offered to acknowledge the validity of the recent Prussian acquisitions in Germany, and to acquiesce in the consolidation of North and South Germany, Austria excepted; Prussia, in return, to consent to, or assist in, the annexation of Luxemburg and Belgium to France. The authenticity of the document seems to be generally acknowledged, and was not denied by either Mr. Gladstone or Lord Granville in the British Parliament. There is no information as to the manner in which the proposition was received by Bismarck, but the impression seems to prevail that he considered it and rejected it, and that both parties have been guilty of great duplicity towards England and Belgium, to say nothing of other powers. The treaty has, however, all the air of a plan of Napoleon's for getting out of a bad scrape without fighting. One may be sure he would not have gone to war if Bismarck had shown signs of falling in with it. The effect of the revelation in England has been plainly exasperating, and will, doubtless, scare all the smaller powers. It throws a flood of light, too, on the causes of the Napoleonic quiescence in 1866, and the total failure of the scheme shows how thoroughly France was outwitted by Bismarck. The latter, who has probably kept the treaty ever since hanging over the Imperial head, has now shrewdly communicated it to the *London Times* as a "tickler" for England and Belgium. It seems likely to complicate the situation greatly, as it proves Napoleon to be even a more dangerous and ambitious schemer than he was generally supposed.

It is hardly necessary to point out that these incessant efforts to rearrange Europe, in which France has been engaged for nearly a century and a half, are the direct results of her keeping an enormous standing army at the disposal of the reigning sovereign, and exacting "brilliance" from him as the condition of his tenure of office. With such an instrument in his hands, a man would be more than human if he refrained from attempts to use it. By the way, in view of the situation, what do our Woman's Rights friends think of the theory that there is no longer any necessary connection between "the ballot and the bayonet?"—that is, between political responsibilities and military duties? The painful truth is that the last twenty-two years have been, although not a period of incessant wars, one of the bloodiest periods in the history of the civilized world. It has had in it, besides the revolutionary struggles of 1848, four great wars and two little ones.

The facts of the situation, stripped of what is evidently absurd, sensational, or rhetorical in correspondents' and telegraphers' accounts, seem to be that Lebœuf, Bazaine, and MacMahon are with the main French army or armies, whose position seems to extend from Strasbourg on the Rhine to Thionville on the Moselle, having Bitsch, Sarreguemines, St. Avold, and Boulay for connecting points, and Metz and Nancy for chief base. This position offers the French the advantage of threatening at the same time a campaign in South-western Germany, possibly involving the occupation of Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Darmstadt, and Frankfurt, and an invasion of the Rhenish Provinces of Bavaria and Prussia and the flanking of Luxemburg. To meet this double menace, the Prussians mass their forces on the strong defensive line along the Rhine, between the fortresses of Coblenz and Mentz, with advanced positions on the Saar, an affluent of the Moselle, running parallel with the above-mentioned section of the Rhine. Their most advanced—and, perhaps, most endangered—fortified supports are Rastadt, in Baden; Landau, in the Rhenish Palatinate; and Saarlouis,

which faces Thionville and Metz. The Prussian headquarters are reported at Kreuznach, on the Nahe, an affluent of the Rhine, running parallel with the Moselle. The Prince-Royal, Prince Frederic Charles, and Herwarth von Bittenfeld are to command the left, center, and right, respectively, of the Prussian army; Von Falkenstein is to meet the French army under the Duke de Palikao, destined to operate on the coasts of the North Sea and the Baltic, in co-operation with the French fleet. Ostensibly for the latter purpose, a French fleet is concentrating at Dunkirk. The Cherbourg fleet has been reinforced by the fleet from Toulon. The main armies receive reinforcements from Algeria, and the evacuation of Rome, too, is said to be resolved upon. The fortifications of Paris are put in a state of defense. The departure of Napoleon to join the army is daily expected. The imperial guard has arrived at Nancy. The *garde mobile* is called out. Reports from either side boast of upward of a hundred thousand volunteers enrolled since the declaration of war, for the just cause.

There can hardly be any further doubt that Prussia has by this time the full control of the armies of the South-western German States—Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse—and, to a degree, the sympathies of a majority of their inhabitants. It matters little whether Bavaria was, as the French say, or was not, misled into active co-operation with Prussia by a false announcement of Count Bray, her Prime Minister, that French troops had invaded Bavarian territory. Out of Germany and France, down to the ominous publication of "the proposed treaty" for joint Franco-Prussian land robbery, neutrality was the general watchword on the European continent, excepting, perhaps, Denmark. Not only Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland had declared for it, but also Spain—according to the *Moniteur*, by forming an alliance with France for its protection—Italy, though at the same time calling out two classes of reserves as a precautionary measure; and Austria and Russia. These two empires, however, do it with a reserve which seems to spring from their mutual relations, which are not much more friendly at bottom than those of France and Prussia. The Czar, in a note to the French Government, says "he will remain neutral as long as the interests of Russia do not suffer," meaning by Austrian interference. Count Beust, in a ministerial circular, couples with the assurance of entire neutrality that of "omitting no measure tending to guarantee tranquillity to the European peoples," whom the interference of Russia might menace. Turkey, too, arms for peace.

"Turkey has called out her reserves," says the Cable, "and stopped the telegraphs in all directions." This latter announcement is in the best cable style; so is the following: "Upon the arrival of the steamer *Cimbria* at Havre, on Saturday, on her regular trip from Hamburg to New York, 500 Germans who had paid their passage to America, hearing of the declaration of war, left the ship, returned to Prussia, and enlisted in her armies." (Query: How many passengers were there altogether, old men, women, and children included?) And so is this: "Germany makes the dethronement of the Bonapartes its *ultimatum*," which is apparently corroborated by "G. W. S.'s" special announcement in the *Tribune* that "it is perfectly understood in Berlin that the German army, if victorious, will march to Paris." This marching "to Paris" can be no hard affair, as the same gentleman telegraphs the following to the same paper, on good special correspondent authority: "The crowds on the boulevards, ready to die for their country, have disappeared. Troops traverse the streets without eliciting a single cheer. Soldiers joining their regiments walk about in groups, almost all drunk. The bourgeois stare at them and shrug their shoulders." Unfortunately, however, the Cable informs us, on the contrary, that "the first regular battle will be a disastrous conflict, as both sides will fight with desperation"; and "G. W. S." himself telegraphs that "Marshal Bazaine is sending everywhere to buy maps of Bavaria"—which, by the bye, he ought to have done long ago—as if an offensive advance were still thought of by the French, in spite of their terrible

demoralization afore telegraphed. And the "French officers," he tells us, "boast that they have a million men between Thionville and Strasbourg." This, however, may be slightly exaggerated, as the "special correspondent of the *Tribune* . . . describing the movements of troops," found only "10,000 at Fortsach [Forbach], 7,000 at Saint Avoird, 3,000 at Sarreguemines"—total, 20,000, in the centre. How many he found at Metz, which he places on the Meuse, is not stated. Should France possess many such sons as that Mulhouse (or Münchhausen?) manufacturer who, according to the Cable, "has offered to equip 5,000 volunteers, and to supply them with rations during the war," the million boasted of might soon be completed in that locality. Anyhow, one last resort remains to Napoleon for baffling a coalition march "to Paris." He will, as indiscreetly heralded by the friendly New York *Times*, "proclaim the republic throughout Europe."

The Cable news has, however, on the whole been tamer than heretofore. Two skirmishes are the utmost extent of the hostilities, and, considering that war was declared suddenly and unexpectedly, it is not likely that the armies can be concentrated or get into collision for a week or two to come. The speculations of the news collectors as to the probable point of contact are, of course, worthless or next to worthless. It is not likely they possess a secret for which either Moltke or Bazaine would give millions. It is safe to anticipate, however, that the Prussians will leave it to the French to begin, and that a Prussian army, acting on the defensive and on its own soil, will hardly afford its assailants an opportunity for anything very brilliant in the way of a début. Another good specimen of the kind of reports which are considered worth telegraphing is to be found in a "special Paris despatch" which the *Tribune's* London correspondent actually sent to New York—"that a body of Prussian troops passing through the Black Forest [which is all on German soil] towards Basle, had several detachments stopped by the Swiss, who have a corps of observation numbering 25,000 men." The meaning of this rubbish seems to be that the Swiss invaded South Germany, and meeting in Baden or Würtemberg with Prussian troops marching south-west, stopped them by force, which would be a nice exploit for a "corps of observation."

The preparations of the daily press for reporting the war are nearly as active and vigorous as those of the soldiers for carrying it on, but it seems as yet very unlikely that we shall have any very clear or distinct accounts of it from any quarter. The *Sun*, of this city, has secured the services of Mr. W. H. Russell, of Crimean fame, as its special telegrapher; but if it be he who has appeared in the French lines as correspondent of the London *Times* also, he will hardly be able to act, as he has been arrested and sent away. The *Tribune*, on the other hand, announces that its special correspondent, so far from being sent away or molested, has "visited three fortified camps round Metz," and "been allowed to inspect the fortress of St. Quentin," the officer in charge "giving full information," which surprises us. The correspondent must be the same gentleman who saw the Emperor secretly cauterizing his back with a lighted candle. These camps and fortifications are hardly likely to be exhibited with such frankness to any less highly favored person. The French press has petitioned in vain for permission to send correspondents to the front. The military authorities announce that they will furnish "the war news" themselves, and the French public have thus the consolation of knowing that it will never be depressing. On the Prussian side there will probably be more indulgence; but correspondents will not be high in favor in either camp, and the chances are we shall not know very much about the operations till they are all over.

The death of Prévost-Paradol, almost immediately after reaching his post, was one of the many tragic results of the prevailing heat, and perhaps the saddest. We suppose there can be no reasonable doubt that it was its effect on a brain already excited by the news from home, and the novelty of his duties, which drove him to his doom. The stories of his remorse, on hearing of the war news, are good to tell, but absurd on their face. The course the Emperor was

following was plain enough before Prévost-Paradol left France, and there was nothing in the news that was not more likely to strengthen his attachment to the Empire than to weaken it. His relations with it were very curious. It is only four short years since he bitterly and contemptuously assailed it; and his selection for a high diplomatic position—particularly as he did not belong to the profession—was as striking a proof as the Emperor has afforded of his desire to win over the literary class. M. Prévost-Paradol was neither a strong writer nor a strong thinker, but he was brilliant and graceful. His latest work, "*La France Nouvelle*," showed that his ideal was a constitutional monarchy, with a strong infusion of English or American morality.

Chicago, we are sorry to say, promises to be a scene of very gross corruption some time next month. The Fenians of all branches are going to hold another congress there, to see whether they cannot extract from the present European complication some support for their own cause; and the two belligerent powers, hearing of it, and knowing the weakness of most of the "Centres" for money, and being each anxious to get the Brotherhood on its side, will doubtless send plenipotentiaries laden with gold to seduce the delegates. We shall accordingly probably witness the repetition of the scandals which marked the liveliest times of the Polish diet. It is as well for Bismarck to know, however, that the body thus far inclines to France, and is indeed "demonstrating" fiercely in her favor, with that singular aptitude for getting on the wrong side of the fence—that is, arranging themselves in opposition to the great body of the liberal party throughout the world—which the Irish nationalists have displayed ever since O'Connell's death.

It would appear, or at least it is generally believed, that Mr. Motley was removed in order to spite Mr. Sumner, to whom he mainly owed his appointment, but who had offended the President by his opposition to the St. Domingo treaty. Senator Wilson wrote a pathetic letter to the President, begging him not to disturb Mr. Motley, which is ascribed not to any personal interest of Mr. Wilson in the manner in which the mission to England should be filled, but to his desire to have the rights of his colleague, in the matter of patronage, respected. We confess we think it is, or ought to be, ridiculous to dismiss Mr. Motley because of Mr. Sumner's behavior in a matter with which Mr. Motley had nothing whatever to do, but then it is a legitimate result of the system under which Mr. Motley was appointed, and which is every day becoming more firmly established. The obligation which rests on every senator or representative "to take care of his friends," creates a corresponding obligation on the part of "his friends" to suffer for his faults; therefore, when a senator, by pushing any man's claim to an office, formally declares him one of his "friends," and enters his name in the account he keeps with the Administration, the friend, on accepting the office, becomes what the French call "solidaire" with the senator—that is, becomes, as it were, part and parcel of him, and agrees, by implication, if need be, to bear a share of any calamities which his political errors may bring upon him. The relation between them, in short, bears some resemblance to that which used to exist between certain savage kings and their warriors, or between Hindoo Brahmins and their wives.

Senators now insist on not only confirming the nominations of the Executive, but on making the nominations; and the only mode of exercising any influence over them, or indeed over the public service at all, which the President retains, lies in the power of dismissal. In this way he avenges his wrongs, and snubs, and humiliations. The consequence is that when the report goes abroad that a senator or representative is at loggerheads with the Executive, the dozens of poor devils he has got places for begin to shake in their boots, or look about for other means of support, for they know they will be sacrificed in expiation of the great man's sins. It is only in very grave cases, however, that the sacrifice of an ambassador is called for, and we must conclude that Mr. Sumner's conduct in the St. Domingo business was of a peculiarly atrocious description. He will know better than to oppose an annexation another time. "Rotation in office" is a beauti-



ful system, but then it is full of sorrows and uncertainties, like all other human institutions. There is hardly a day one does not see rows of "men inside politics," who are never tired of praising or defending it, weeping bitterly by the roadside over some of its reverses, the picture of misery, and the 'cute look quite gone.

The heat of the weather, which has now for nearly a month been excessive, and not here only but in Europe, is not unlikely to exercise an important influence on the fortunes of the campaign, as in France, at least, it is accompanied by a long-protracted drought, which has done terrible injury to the crops and threatens a large portion of the agricultural population with ruin. In this country, and particularly in this city, it has already caused serious loss of life, and, in the tenement-houses, untold suffering. Whether or not the magnetic storms, or, to speak more familiarly, the "spots on the sun," have anything to do with producing it and the pending war, is a subject of frequent debate among our daily contemporaries. The *New York Times* declares that some of the astronomers predicted the heat some time ago as the result of their solar observations, and at least hinted at the probability of a war as a consequence of the size of "the spots." The *Evening Post*, on the other hand, maintains that they did not; and the failure of any of the philosophers to come forward and claim the honors of the occasion certainly supports the *Post's* position.

The *Times*, by the bye, has now several times recommended the introduction of "punkahs," or huge fans attached to the ceiling, into our sleeping and sitting rooms, as the means of mitigating the effects of the heat; but it has always avoided saying how they were to be worked. Punkahs do not go of themselves, and if everybody worked his own, we doubt much whether the use of them would spread. We think most people would prefer enduring the worst ravages of the temperature, night or day, to agitating a powerful punkah. In India, where these instruments are most used, servants who do not mind heat are plenty; here, it would be almost as easy for a man to provide himself with a snow-bank to sleep in as an attendant, either alien or citizen, to sit up all night and fan him. We question, too, whether even the notion that anybody is really relieved by fanning himself is not a delusion. Doubtless, it is possible to lower the temperature of one small portion of your person in this way, but the exertion raises it elsewhere. The true democratic remedy for the heat would be big public fans in the style of a winnowing-machine, and worked by steam, into which anybody could go and get himself cooled off at the expense of the city, or for a small charge; or the punkah might be introduced into all houses, as the Croton water is, and kept in motion by a Punkah Department, with one Head Wallah—we believe that this is what the fan-worker is called—at a salary of \$10,000, and about a thousand Assistant-Wallahs, all elected on ward tickets, and with strict regard to "their services to the party," and with nine months' vacation every year.

The woman suffrage question has come up before the Connecticut Legislature in the shape of a majority report, written for the committee by Mrs. John Hooker, and a minority report, written by Mrs. Cowes, we believe, one in favor of an amendment to the State Constitution extending the suffrage to women, and the other against it. Mrs. Hooker's report contains the arguments with which our readers are already familiar; Mrs. Cowes's we have not seen; but the Legislature shelved the whole matter with some appearance of levity. The movement, indeed, appears to have got as far as it is likely to get, either here or elsewhere, without more support from the women themselves, and, as far as our observation goes, their interest in it is less than it was a year or two ago. The men are largely hostile, but more largely indifferent. We will make one suggestion to its advocates which we think they will find serviceable, and that is, before using Mr. J. S. Mill's arguments any more, and referring to him as a crushing authority, to get from him a reconciliation of the rules for reasoning on political and social questions laid down in his "Logic" with the purely *à priori* method pursued in his essay on

the woman question. His disregard, or seeming disregard, of his own canons has puzzled a great many of his male admirers, and continues to puzzle them, although it apparently makes no impression on his female followers. They cannot have a weightier authority at their back, but his feelings seem to be enlisted in this cause to a degree which, in the opinion of many who owe him much, has made him a very unsafe guide.

Numerous mishaps attended the racing between the colleges at Worcester last Friday, and the only thoroughly pleasing thing to an outsider was the victory of the Brown University Freshman crew, who beat the Harvard and Yale handsomely, and were begrudged their unwonted honors by nobody. An Amherst Freshman crew, too, put in an appearance, and it seems clear that the Oxford and Harvard race of last year has produced an impression favorable to boating on the undergraduate mind. The Yale and Harvard University Crews were the victims of a "foul," of which the reporters of the various papers give conflicting accounts. The fact is, there ought to be nothing said about such a matter after the judges have once heard evidence and decided. "Pay up, and shut up," is the only good line for a sportsman to take when his freely elected umpires have declared results. And as for the newspaper men, they have no business to be partisan, and should talk either of what they have seen with their own eyes or in accordance with what the referee and judges have decided. No good comes to anybody, however, by an agitation of the pros and cons, and calling names.

As to the true state of affairs in North Carolina, it is not easy to come to a certain conclusion. We can say, however, for our own part, that, while we cannot feel confidence in what is said in the Democratic papers—no one of which has established a good claim to be believed without corroborative evidence, and every one of which has the satisfaction of knowing that it may cry "Wolf" with its expiring breath, and disturb not a living soul; yet, on the other hand, we want corroborative evidence, too, when Governor Holden's organs come to us with a tale of Ku-Klux outrages on men whose only offence is Republicanism. That we do not believe. The counties which have been put under martial law are near the Virginia line and in the neighborhood of Danville, Virginia, and during the war were, of course, secessionist, but were never without a large number of Unionists. This state of things, of course, gave rise to the bitterness of feeling that marks neighborhood wars, and the bitterness was intensified tenfold when, in the latter months of the war, the rebel part of the population assisted in bringing in from the woods the "outliers"—that is to say, Confederate deserters from the army, or passive resisters of the conscription. But then, all that was six or seven years ago; and that there is murdering going on in Caswell County on that old score now, when even Tennessee is quiet, and when Caswell County was quiet as long ago as 1865 or '66, is more than we are going to believe till we have better authority for believing it than the Governor's proclamation. Yet that society in Caswell and Alamance and the adjoining region is in a state of comparative disorganization seems clear, for United States officials have, on request that they would forward true accounts, reported murders and beatings and rapes as frequent and audacious, and the punishment or detection of the criminals rare. But they charge Governor Holden's militia with being also the cause of great disorders; while third parties, as much entitled to credence as the Governor, assert that the lists of rapes and murders might be just about doubled if the Governor had added the list of conservative victims to the list of the people killed or ravished for their radicalism. However, there is something utterly wrong in somebody's management of the judiciary and constabulary of the disturbed region, or there would be no such open disregard of law and order as is now seen in a part of North Carolina inhabited by just as law-abiding and intelligent a people as any other community in the State, and more so than some others. Political significance, we believe, the lawlessness has none. As United States troops have been ordered into the counties under martial law, we shall probably hear what are the true causes of the trouble.

## "SYMPATHY."

ONE would imagine, from the severity of the rebukes and admonitions with which a portion of the American press is visiting the enthusiasm which the Germans in this country are displaying in the cause of Prussia in the pending war, that it was a time-honored custom of the American public to regard foreign wars with a cold, judicial serenity, and that there was nothing our newspapers and politicians more sedulously avoided than any expression of feeling about conflicts in which the United States had no immediate material interest. Indeed, to read some of the articles which have appeared during the last week, one might fairly conclude that the notion that "sympathy" had any place in international relations had just been concocted by the German-Americans for the purpose of dragging the United States into some sort of demonstration against France, and that the term was unknown in our politics.

The fact is, however, that there is no country in the world in which the sympathetic habit of mind is so zealously cultivated, and in which one or other of the parties to nearly every quarrel is so sure of having the founts of feeling made to play for his benefit. It is just as much as the Government can do, whenever a convulsion of any sort breaks out between any of the principal powers of the world, to prevent the eruption of a sort of supplemental conflict on American soil, or the introduction of the controversy into American politics as "an issue." The chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, indeed, stands constantly on the watch, pocket-handkerchief in hand, for the purpose of pointing out to the nation some cause to take up or some victim to weep over. One does not need to be very old to have swum through half a dozen floods of sympathetic tears. The country went nearly crazy over the Hungarians, and, indeed, over one party of the Hungarians which Hungary has since rejected. The Young Ireland martyrs also about the same time threw a good many people into a melting mood. Since then, the patriots whom Maximilian kept from establishing "truth and justice, religion and piety" in Mexico have been fêted and caressed. The bands of Greek robbers and politicians who got up the Cretan insurrection found no difficulty in having a regular organization established here to aid them, with the accompaniment of a newspaper, public meetings, and subscriptions, and music, and the press resounded for months with frantic praises of them. The Fenians—the heroes of Trout River, and Franklin, and Elm Park—were able to command so much "sympathy" that the Foreign Committee of the House reported and the Republican majority of the House voted for a bill, the avowed object of which was so to modify the neutrality laws as to permit large bands of cut-throats and thieves to pass our frontier to murder and rob the Canadians, and that the leading organs of the Republican press fiercely abused the President for doing his duty by stopping them. We need not say anything about Cuba—the latest object of our "sympathy." We have all been sympathizing with that island for the last year, some of us for love and some for money, and it seems as if our compassion for her had no limits.

But do we exact from others what we are so ready to bestow? Yes, we do. Her failure to sympathize with us, during the late rebellion, has so affected our relations with England as to make our differences with her almost incapable of adjustment, and to have sown the seeds of bitterness that will probably bear fruit for generations. On the other hand, the ready accordance of sympathy on the part of Russia has so fixed that power in the affections of a large portion of the American public, that we shut our eyes to the extraordinary inhumanity, to use a mild term, of her policy towards the Poles. With such a record as this open before us, it is needless to say that there is not much use in calling on the Germans to be silent and impartial witnesses of a struggle which is to drench their old homes in the blood of their fathers and brothers, and on the result of which the place and influence of their race in European civilization is to depend. Moreover, although we condemn, as strongly as anybody can, all attempts to commit the United States Government to any participation in the controversy, or to make difficult the rigid performance of its neutral duties, and though we confess we think neither Mr. Carl Schurz nor any other United States Senator is in his place in going about the country delivering speeches on either

one side or the other, we are not inclined to exact from the Germans that complete casting-out of the old German Adam, and that complete transformation into pure and judicial-minded American citizens, for which some of our contemporaries are calling on them. Germans are men, like the rest of the world, and there is no magic in naturalization to convert them into anything else. When their kinsmen bleed, they must feel sad; when they triumph, they must rejoice; and when they watch the struggles of the nation to which they once belonged, and which nothing short of a miracle can prevent retaining a large portion of their tenderest affections, they would be more or less than human if they could suppress all sign of interest in the progress and result of the strife. We confess we think they are not worse but better American citizens for uttering all they feel.

As to the attitude of native Americans towards the struggle, we believe a good many excellent people refuse to see any claim to our sympathy on either one side or other, simply because they have got into what we cannot help calling the depraved habit of mind of thinking that no struggle can have any interest for Republicans if carried on by monarchs, and that, to make a cause holy or respectable, its supporters must be "rebels." This was not always so. During our rebellion, we saw the rapid growth of the idea that all rebels must be bad men, a striking illustration of the confusing influence which words so often exercise on ideas. So also in England, thousands justified their sympathy with the South by simply alleging that the South was "the weaker side," or the minority, and seemed to think that rational beings, making a profession of Christianity, were not called upon, before they patted a combatant on the back, to ask whether he had the right on his side. Intelligent men, however, before passing judgment on a war, ask, not simply what are the names and titles of the belligerents, or what is their relative strength, but what are they fighting about, and what is their fighting likely to result in? "Emperor" and "king," "loyalist" and "rebel," are but signs by which the great problems of politics are worked out; it is with the result that the rest of the world is concerned.

Applying these tests to the conflict on the Rhine, it is difficult to see where an enlightened American can find an excuse either for indifference or neutrality. The result of a French victory it is not hard to foresee. The Emperor, after eighteen years of a degrading tyranny, was driven, last winter, by a series of military and diplomatic reverses, and the scandalous financial abuses of his adherents, into making certain concessions to liberalism. He had no sooner made them than he deprived them of all value by the same cunning manipulation of universal suffrage by which he secured the popular approval of the *coup d'état*, and he thereupon rushed into war, with the hope, which events show to be well-grounded, of turning the popular mind away from questions of internal reform, and reconciling the nation to a renewal of the military régime. His triumph over Prussia would certainly put an end to all talk of further changes in the direction of freedom. It would lead to the open restoration of personal government; the open revival of that contempt for the writers and talkers—that is, for the mind of France—which the court and its followers were never tired of proclaiming between 1851 and 1866; the renewed coercion of the press, and the elevation of the army once more to the first place in the government. It would wipe out the memory of the crimes, frauds, extravagances, defalcations, and slaughters by which the eyes of the French people were being gradually opened to the real character of imperialism, and probably fix the yoke on their necks so thoroughly that the "young Augustus," who is now going to play at war, like Louis XIV., on the Rhine, under his father's eye, would be able to take the reins and the whip, and mount without further trouble or molestation.

Prussia, it is true, has a strong leaven of feudalism in it; but it is gradually and rapidly getting rid of it; in any case, not only has feudalism rendered good service to mankind, but every trace of it is disappearing, and nowhere more quickly than in North Germany. There is no state more "modern" in the best sense of the word than Prussia; none in which an intelligent human being counts for more, or in which brains exercise so much influence on politics. It was very true, as Ernest Renan said, that "it was the universities which conquered at Sadowa." We have little doubt they will conquer again on



the Rhine; at all events, we feel bound in the interest of civilization to hope so. If any power is to have more weight in the family of European nations than another, we are all interested in its being the power whose armies contain most readers and writers, and which when it goes to war has to call most intelligent citizens from their homes. It has been a favorite saying of the Bonapartes that "bayonets don't think." Bayonets are, however, beginning to think; and the more they think the less chance will there be in the world for the class of adventurers of which the Bonapartes are the most illustrious members. The Prussian army is fighting for a free press, a free parliament, popular education; for the supremacy of reason over brute force, of the citizen over the soldier, of law over imperial "decrees," of an armed people over hired armies, of industry over gambling. In other words, they defend modern civilization against the worst and latest of its enemies.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE MONEY MARKET.

We have had so long-continued a period of financial calm and easy money that it seems almost time to enquire whether past prosperity has not lulled us into false security. The threatening aspect of affairs in Europe, and the not altogether remote possibility of our becoming seriously interested in a struggle necessarily involving the safety of Spanish colonies on this continent, make the enquiry even more pertinent. The prevailing low rates of interest, and the standing figures of the daily papers, showing week after week that the banks hold a large amount of legal-tender reserves in excess of the requirements of law, have induced a somewhat careless confidence, which we do not propose to shake very rudely, but which warrants us, we think, in calling the attention of our readers to some points in the situation which it is not altogether safe to disregard. So great is the prevailing confidence that people seem unwilling to believe in the possibility of a change, and that, when last week brought a slightly increased activity in money, which was somewhat aggravated by unwarranted bank speculation, our best financial authorities persistently shut their eyes to the natural movement, and attributed the change wholly to the manipulations of a corrupt bank management. Yet the natural movement was by far the most important.

It is an unfavorable feature in our money market that, all through the dull summer season, at a time when speculation is notoriously dormant, the loans of our banks have steadily increased, are higher than in the busiest winter and spring months, and are to-day within one per cent. of the highest figures of the year. The inference to be drawn is twofold—either that the regular business of the country is unusually active for the season, or that mercantile credits are less liberal than usual, and that the banks are called upon to furnish a proportionately larger share of the general credit facilities. Both these causes have probably had a share in producing the result. The losses of last year in many branches of trade have undoubtedly led to more than usual caution in mercantile credits; and, as far as one at least of our leading interests is concerned—the grain trade—it is well known that it has been extraordinarily active throughout the summer, owing to the gradual forced sale of the accumulated crops of last year and the year before. These causes satisfactorily explain the present high figure of bank loans—what indications do they furnish us for the fall?

While accounts generally agree in reporting in the main a healthy business throughout the country, there are too many minor indications of local unsoundness to warrant the anticipation of any liberal increase in the lines of commercial credits. The Pacific Coast is suffering from a terrible reaction, after years of almost unexampled prosperity. The far West has to settle down from the feverish excitement of excessive railroad-building. Nearly all sections of the country have some pet real-estate delusions to shake off before they can be quite healthy. Everywhere the gradual dying-out of the fires of speculation is leaving the ashes only of imaginary fortunes, and begetting frugality and caution. On the whole, the indications point to extreme conservatism in the granting of mercantile credits, and a corresponding demand upon the banks for continued facilities.

How are the banks prepared to meet the demand? Although

money in the New York market continues extremely easy, and the rates of interest have advanced but slightly from the lowest figures of early summer, it cannot be denied that the position of the banks is one of unusual expansion. If the present grain movement continues through the rest of the summer, as it seems likely to do, and we should have large crops this fall, our banks may experience a strain upon them to meet the usual increase of business in the autumn, which may seriously trench upon their reserves. According to the National Bank Act, they are obliged to hold on hand 25 per cent. of the amount of their deposits and circulation, in legal-tender money. With ordinarily prudent management, such a reserve would be safe, except in times of exceptional calamity. According to the Bank Statement of July 9, the New York City banks ought to have on hand a reserve of about 63 millions. They actually had a reserve of over 88 millions, which seems a liberal margin to carry even into an active fall season. But it is precisely here where the habit of security is apt to betray us. What do these 88 millions of reserve consist of?

Thirty-six millions consist of coin. For the last years our coin export has been so moderate that we have entirely forgotten how untrustworthy it is as a bank reserve, in our present condition of specie suspension. In 1866, the outbreak of the German war caused us to export in less than five weeks over 35 millions of dollars of coin, nearly equal to the total amount of gold now in our banks. We have already, during the past week, shipped over six millions of dollars in consequence of the European troubles, and the indications, as we write, are that the shipment this week will likewise be considerable. It is true, our position at the present moment is very different from what it was in 1866. It is highly improbable that we shall have an equally heavy specie export. Yet it behooves prudent bankers to bear in mind that more than their entire surplus of reserves is liable, under certain contingencies, to be suddenly whisked off to Europe, leaving them in a position where nothing but violent and disastrous contraction could save them from heavy loss and possibly renewed suspension.

While thus 36 millions of reserve consist of coin, which is subject to most serious inroads from abroad, only 26 millions consist of actual greenbacks, a startlingly small reserve upon which to carry 280 millions of loans! Last week but one, the New York banks, in the ordinary course of trade, lost, in one week, three millions and a half of legal tenders. How long would 26 millions last in case of alarm? It is true that, in addition to these actual greenbacks, the banks hold about 28 millions of the three per cent. certificates (referred to at length in the last number of the *Nation*), which the Treasury is obliged to redeem in greenbacks. But it is precisely these which give to the entire situation its most serious aspect. In quiet times, these certificates were of no importance. In times of trouble they become a source of danger. We have repeatedly pointed out how easily they might work mischief. If, from any one of the many possible complications arising out of the pending war in Europe, any unusual demand should spring up for any part of our bank reserves, our bankers would very soon be obliged—might certainly be easily tempted—to present their certificates for redemption. As long as the surplus greenbacks now in the Treasury vaults held out, relief would be certain; but as soon as the present limited supply was exhausted, the Treasury would have no means of getting a fresh supply except by sales of gold or bonds. Whichever they sold, the greenbacks to pay for them would have to come from the banks themselves, so that presenting their certificates for redemption, far from affording relief, would actually aggravate their troubles. It is on this account that the certificates are so thoroughly objectionable. Their redemption, if it can only be accomplished by the Currency Bill without further trouble, would make the faults of the rest of that wretched measure seem almost light and venial. But, at the moment, their redemption is not likely to be accomplished without serious strain upon our financial machinery.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that to these pre-existing causes of financial disturbance, aggravated as they seem likely to be by the war abroad, there should have been added the violent contraction which, as we recently explained, is sure to result from the ill-advised banking features of the Currency Bill, which the public seems almost

to have forgotten. It cannot fail seriously to complicate financial affairs, adding one more to the uncertainties of the situation, at the very time when confidence is apt to be otherwise disturbed, and when it is especially desirable for prudent men to be able to see correctly the various influences likely to affect the stability of the market.

On a survey of the whole ground, there seem to us to exist sufficient elements of uncertainty in the immediate future of our own money market to warrant the utmost caution among the banking interest, while we see absolutely nothing to justify the belief so generally and so confidently expressed, that a war in Europe would be beneficial to us, financially or otherwise.

### ENGLAND.

JULY 8, 1870.

I WRITE upon one of these sultry July days which occasionally come in this foggy island, and generally forbode a change of weather. Three hot days and a thunderstorm is supposed to be the definition of an English summer. In this year, however, as in 1868, we have had far more than our allowance of heat and less than our fair share of fog. The parks are an arid and dusty wilderness, and the English turf on which we are apt to pride ourselves is scarcely more refreshing to contemplate than a worn-out door-mat; pasturages are a melancholy sight for the agriculturist, and we groan over the prospects of winter food for our cattle. A few showers that have lately fallen have indeed helped a little to bring up the average; but we pray for rain, and try to console ourselves with the old adage that drought never brought famine to England. To talk of the weather is supposed to be a national privilege, though, to say the truth, I have heard a good deal of conversation upon that topic beyond the limits of my native land.

I might, however, justify myself for referring to such a topic by the vast commercial importance of rain at the present moment, and I will really allege a more satisfactory reason in its bearing upon political interests. Parliament has seldom had before it so many questions of really vast importance. Matters which have been considered weighty enough to justify the devotion of a session have sunk into an actually secondary position. It has been proposed, for example, by Government to introduce vote by ballot—one of the points which has a kind of official position in the Liberal platform, and which is supposed to excite the most bitter antipathies. Yet I do not believe that anybody, with the exception of a few steady-going old political hacks, really cares two straws whether the measure is passed or abandoned. Meanwhile, however, the House of Commons is working with an energy which does it, or the Government, some credit. In this burning weather, respectable elderly gentlemen, who would give their ears to be far away on Swiss mountains or Scotch moors, are plodding on, night after night, trying to lick the Education Bill into shape. The matter has now gone so far, and the credit of Parliament is so deeply involved, that it is probable that, in one way or another, it will be forced through in the present session. We are all languid and weary and anxious to be at rest, but the work has to be done, and two or three dogged reformers continue to show inexhaustible vigor. Without admitting that I share in the languor—for the correspondent of a newspaper should be superior to such merely human frailties—I shall make your want of interest in the details an excuse for not plunging too deeply into the discussion. The religious difficulty, of which so much has been said, has been finally got out of the way, and the present controversy turns upon rather minute points of rating and providing local machinery, which are, it is true, of great importance in their bearing upon the successful working of the machinery, but which it would be difficult and not very profitable to expound at any length in your columns. The main questions are as to the degree in which the proposed schools are to be helped by the national funds, and as to the constitution of the boards which are to manage the local rates and contributions. There is, however, a very general desire to see a successful conclusion to the measure; there are few direct party divisions, and, in short, it seems to be tolerably clear that in another week or so the bill will be sent up to run the gauntlet of the House of Lords.

This result is, I think, creditable to the substantial patriotism of the present House of Commons. In spite of a good many vagaries and a deal of talk, more for the benefit of their constituents than for any reasonable ends of debate, they mean business, and they prove it by laboring so doggedly through a season in which London is becoming well-nigh intolerable. The only question remaining is as to the probable action of the House of Lords, and I think it may be said with some confidence that they will not

prove themselves refractory. The action which they have taken in regard to the Irish Land Bill is a sufficient proof that they know their proper position. Opposition is, of course, in a majority amongst the peers, and goes as far as it dares, but the daring is not of a very outrageous quality. A good many changes, indeed, have been introduced, and, of course, in the conservative sense, one of the principal amendments was carried by Lord Salisbury. Government proposes that the benefits of the bill should be conferred only upon farmers who paid a rent of less than £100 a year. Lord Salisbury moved that the figure should be reduced to £50, thus exempting from its operation a number of men who, as he argued, were sufficiently able to take care of themselves without special legislation, but who, as it was replied, had a strong claim to be conciliated in the fact that they were the natural leaders of their class. In fact, the change was thought to be of great importance, and the Duke of Richmond, as titular leader of the opposition, would not take the responsibility of carrying it. Lord Salisbury, however, is a man of energy, accustomed to the hard fighting of the House of Commons, and by no means resigned to the more placid atmosphere of the serene regions above. Accordingly, he took the bit between his teeth, and carried with him a sufficient number of his party to change the Government scheme. Lord Salisbury has declared with great emphasis that the House of Lords should not become a cipher, and that it had a right to enforce some degree of respect for its opinions. Doubtless he was irregular at the victory which he had thus won, as Nelson obtained some of his most glorious successes by a signal disregard for discipline. But with the next day came cooler reflection. The opposition trembled at what they had done. They felt like schoolboys who had been very brave so long as their master was absent, and who withdraw from an incipient mutiny with more haste than dignity on the first appearance of the authority they had defied. In short, the peers resolved that it would be more dignified to surrender before they were summoned, and so to preserve some appearance of independent action. They abandoned the objectionable amendment on the bringing up of the report, in spite of a rather faint protest from Lord Salisbury, and have, in that, shown themselves amenable to reason. They will, doubtless, listen to its voice in regard to the other amendments and in the questions connected with the Education Bill; and, in short, it is highly improbable that Lord Salisbury, with all his undeniable vigor, will ever impart enough of it to his colleagues to spur them on to a general conflict with the lower House. The retreat on the Irish Church was their Sadowa, and it is pretty well understood that their opposition in future will be confined to putting on the drag with very great moderation. When the country has given so emphatic a support to a Liberal Parliament as is at present the case, the peers are pretty much in the position of Giants Pope and Pagan in the Valley of the Shadow of Death: they bite their nails, but they don't act to any purpose.

There is, indeed, one measure in regard to which it is reported that they will make a more effective protest. The bill for abolishing religious tests in the universities has passed the House of Commons, by very large majorities, in a more strenuous form than it had ever before received. If the peers should accept it as it stands, every dissenter will be able not only to receive a university education (for that, under the queer system of compromises which have been adopted, is already the case) but to have a share in the government and in the chief emoluments of Oxford and Cambridge. There is, indeed, one exception to this statement. Many of the fellowships are at present tenable only by clergymen of the Established Church or by laymen for a shorter tenure of years than by clergymen. With these it is not proposed at present to interfere, and they supply a convenient threat to hold *in terrorem* over the House of Lords. Accept the bill as it stands, it is said, and we will give the clerical fellowships a respite. Decline to accept it, and we will next year bring in a measure abolishing clerical fellowships as well as tests, and force you to pass it whether you like it or not. Of course, the alternative is not proposed after this blunt and uncompromising fashion, but it is tolerably well understood. Now it is said that the House of Lords mean to meet this difficulty by temporizing; they will refer the bill to a select committee, which means practically postponing it for another year, under pretense of obtaining further information. Considering that the question has been discussed from all sides for the last ten years, and that everybody knows everything that can possibly be said about it, the pretext would seem to be rather a shallow one. But with two measures of primary importance before them the Lords naturally imagine that they may strain at this gnat without swallowing a brace of camels. That queer body, Convocation, has been meeting and recommending the bishops to oppose the measures. If so, the question will be asked once more,



What is the use of having bishops in the House of Lords? A motion against the system was lately introduced in the House of Commons, and though put aside by the Government, received a sufficient number of votes to show that the feeling might at any moment become too strong to be resisted.

The mention of the House of Lords reminds me to add that one more of the old school of statesmen has passed from among us. Lord Clarendon died at the age of 70. He has received the due amount of newspaper panegyric, and will soon pass from the memory of the public and of most men, except his personal friends and the student of diplomatic history. He was personally very popular amongst his order; was a thorough gentleman and an able diplomatist. In our opinion, at least, he gave a good specimen of his powers in the controversy with Mr. Fish on the *Alabama* question; and the worst fault to be found with him was that on one or two occasions, and especially in denouncing the free press of Belgium, he was a little too closely in sympathy with absolute rulers on the Continent. Lord Granville, who succeeds him, is naturally adapted for the place by many qualifications. If he makes himself as agreeable to foreign powers as he generally does to his countrymen by a happy mixture of common sense, humor, and suavity, we shall be well satisfied with his appointment. Mr. Forster has earned by his efforts in promoting the Education Bill a fair right to the seat in the cabinet which has just been granted to him, though that honor has not, I believe, been previously conceded to men in his position. I may repeat, however, what I have noticed once or twice before, that he has a kind of straightforward directness of purpose which has won for him the confidence of the House of Commons, and has already made him the most rising politician of the time. He looks like a rough North countryman, but has plenty of ability and of rather uncultivated eloquence. If he continues as he has begun, he will doubtless rise to a yet higher post.

## Correspondence.

### MR. DALL'S "ALASKA" ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You will oblige me by inserting *verbatim* a paragraph which has been twice misrepresented in your columns. After describing the general exploration of the main river, stating (p. 277) that ours was the only party, up to 1868, which had descended from the Upper Yukon to the sea by the river, and mentioning the explorations of Byrnes, Smith, and Dyer, it reads (p. 278) as follows:

"In the spring of 1868, the writer descended the Yukon from Nulato to the sea, and then proceeded to the Redoubt.

"This completes the history of the explorations of the Yukon. Zagoskin, Surgeon Adams, and Lieutenant Barnard, of H. M. Enterprise in 1851, the servants of the Hudson Bay and Russian American Companies, one or two missionaries, Robert Kennicott, and the explorers of the Western Union Telegraph Expedition, are the only white men who had visited the Yukon, previous to July, 1868, as far as is known to me."

It would seem as if the intent (if not the logic) of the above was sufficiently evident, and that there could be but one interpretation consistent with common sense. But from the critical acumen which holds one man responsible for what he had no hand in doing, and another for saying what he never said, much cannot be expected. I remain your obedient servant,

WM. H. DALL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24, 1870.

[We print this cheerfully in order to satisfy Mr. Dall, but are still unable to see where his paragraph has been "misrepresented" in our columns. The last sentence of his letter, we confess, we find very mysterious.—ED. NATION.]

### THE WHITTEMORE CASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of the 14th inst., page 18, it is stated that "the House has done itself credit by its treatment of Whittemore, whom it refused to readmit, though it is doubtful whether, owing to its failure to expel him formally the first time, its position now is technically sound."

What is especially remarkable in Mr. Whittemore's case is, as it appears to me, not that the House is inconsistent in its treatment of it, but that its action shows a want of sound policy and correct general principle

in the conduct of the war and in the framing of the "reconstruction measures," so called, which have grown out of that want of a sound policy.

The fault in the policy of the war-administration was that it did not treat the question of the political franchise as a part of the war issues, as it legitimately was, and establish it on the basis of an education in our common schools, at an early age, at a time when it is possible to shape the human mind, in the aggregate, to the form of American institutions.

To give every man the right to vote, whether he is fitted for it or not, and then reject the delegate whom he elects to represent him in Congress, is something worse than a mere failure of being "technically sound." It is an attempt to correct an error of policy by an abuse of power. The action of rejecting Whittemore was right when measured by moral principle and right reason; but the trouble is that the measures of Congress are not always in accord with such principles, and its course of procedure, therefore, is often inconsistent and unreasonable.

When the conditions of the franchise have once been established by law, Congress should have no power to reject a member chosen in accord with that law, for causes known before election, whatever his moral character may be. If Congress assumes to reject on the ground of moral expediency and right reason, its own policy and measures should first be established on that ground likewise.

The evident fault in Mr. Whittemore's case is that his constituency are not fit for the political franchise, and that the action of the Government has been impolitic, unstatesmanlike, and wrong in bestowing it upon them so indiscriminately. For every such measure there will be necessitated a corresponding abuse of power, and a consequent loss of liberty.

J. W. PHELPS.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, July 15, 1870.

## Notes.

### LITERARY.

ON Saturday next will begin a new series of the *National Standard*. The *National Standard* used to be the *Anti Slavery Standard*, but in April last, when the name was changed, it became a monthly magazine instead of a weekly newspaper. It is to keep its new name, but on and after the 30th inst. it will be a weekly again. Mr. Aaron Powell is still to be the editor, and the contributors are the well known list.

—With a certain small number of the readers of the last two or three generations—readers who may be called learned readers, rather than men of learning—"Plutarch's Morals" has been a favorite work. It has not been the less a favorite with many of its admirers that the English dress in which they have known it has had the quaintness of two centuries ago; nor, to tell the truth, has it been less a favorite because it was in many parts translated so extremely ill that its lovers might have used twice all love's power of divination and still have had not the least notion of what author and translator between them had tried to say. Perhaps, then, such admirers will not be as grateful as they ought for the new translation, as it may be called, which Professor Goodwin, of Harvard College, has now almost ready for them. The best-known English version was published in 1684-94, and has appeared in five editions, the latest being published in 1718, at which date we may perhaps well enough place the end of what may be termed the era in English literature of translations from the classics. This version was made by "several hands," and is of a kind very suggestive of the days when a Curll or a Lintot got together a complete translation of a poet, or orator, or what-not, by getting perhaps one oration, or one book of a poem, from a scholarly student, living recluse at the university, who did the translation as a labor of love, and getting another from a wretch in a Grub Street garret, working for sixpence a day, or perhaps from a poor devil like Christopher Smart, who literally hired himself out on contract to a bookseller, and did coolie work by the year, or rather term of years. Some of the essays are well translated into elegant English; some are not done into English, unless meaningless collocations of English words constitute English; one is paraphrastic to the degree of being an essay suggested by the topic of which Plutarch treats; and some are literal to the degree of putting into brackets such words of rendering as are not absolutely given in the text of the original; some are learned, and some make such blunders as to declare, where Plutarch says that a certain water, being stirred, produces bubbles (*πομφόλυγες*), that a certain water, being stirred, produces a new metal called Pompholyx. Of course, to amend thoroughly such editing as this without beginning at the beginning and reforming the version out of existence, would

be hopeless; but to amend the translation must be easy except for the enormous amount of amendment necessary. Professor Goodwin has gone over all the essays with care, and made innumerable corrections, preserving, as far as was possible, the language of the period; and the existence of an earlier version (1603-1657) rendered this an easier task than it otherwise would have been. But even were there more manifest patchwork than there is, this edition, it is pretty safe to say, would still be the one best worth having, for, whatever may be the pleasures of literary epicurism, nothing atones for a lack of correctness. Mr. Emerson, with whom Plutarch counts for much both as moralist and historian, or rather as essayist in morals and formative biography, is to prepare an introductory essay, and when that is ready, Messrs. Little & Brown will publish the work, which will be in five octavo volumes, and will emphatically be a book which "no gentleman's library should be without," and which will, we hope, find a place on the shelves of many fine libraries, public and private. It is only the owners of such that can encourage as it deserves the liberal enterprise of publishers who make such ventures. And then, a man might worse prepare for the pleasant passage of the decline of life than by laying in the stock of reading here offered him, and this whether he read for pastime merely, or for spiritual profit.

—One of the lectures in the course delivered in Boston, last winter, under the auspices of the American Social Science Association, was an essay, by Mr. F. L. Olmsted, on Public Parks. This now appears in book form, and surely could not have come more timely—all the world panting as it is for coolness, and nothing to be thought of so delightful as absolute rest in deep shade, unless, indeed,

"Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave."

Doubtless it would be very hard to exaggerate the physically sanitary effects, to say nothing of the morally sanitary effects, of the Central Park in this city during the last few weeks. It has been almost the sole means of escape from the blistering streets to tens and hundreds of thousands of people, young and old, who only there can get good air and green grass, and a free view of the heavens. Old physicians tell Mr. Olmsted, he says, that since the Park was opened they have been in the habit of ordering patients to go there for a daily drive or walk, instead of away into the country, and that thus they have frequently saved overworked men from breaking down entirely; and the patients without physicians, those who have ordered themselves thither, taking prevention before they required cure, would make a little army. However, it has almost ceased to be necessary, one would hope, to insist on the almost inestimable advantages to health, morals, manners, intellectual ability, and happiness which parks confer as surely as they add to the beauty and wealth of the towns which possess them. Following the example of New York—whose Central Park Commissioners, fighting so hard as they had to fight, won a battle of national importance—Brooklyn now has nearly ready a noble park; Philadelphia has one under way; Boston meditates a beautiful one; Chicago beautifies herself with boulevards, and scores of the smaller towns have followed, or are about to follow, these examples. "There will be room enough in the Brooklyn Park, when it is finished," says Mr. Olmsted, "for several thousand little family and neighborly parties to bivouac at frequent intervals, without discommoding one another or interfering with any other purpose." Incomplete as the park was last year, there were many thousands of these parties during the summer, and frequently there would be companies of school children, a hundred or more together, on a picnicking excursion. "Tables, seats, shade, turf, swings, cool spring-water, and a pleasing rural prospect, stretching off half a mile or more each way, unbroken by a carriage-road or the slightest evidence of the vicinity of the town, were supplied them without charge; and bread and milk and ice-cream at moderate fixed charges. In all my life, I have never seen such joyous collections of people. I have, in fact, more than once observed tears of gratitude in the eyes of poor women as they watched their children thus enjoying themselves." And, as to the children themselves, there is no doubt that to many a New Yorker of the next generation some of the happiest memories of his youth will be of summer days and cool days in autumn spent among the trees and beside the ponds in the Park. "The enlargement of towns," a subject kindred to the other, and one closely allied, is also discussed in the essay, and discussed philosophically enough to make this pleasant pamphlet instructive reading, as well as pleasant. The American Social Science Association print it, and it may safely be commended to everybody for perusal, but particularly to town authorities; and to all people who feel philanthropically inclined; and to such, also, as are looking about for some way of keeping their memories green among their fellow-men. It is better to make a public park than to make another new American col-

lege; and it is almost better, one would think, than even to add to the income of any American college already existing.

—We have now and again had something to say about the curious dialect known as Pennsylvania Dutch, but have never, we believe, said anything about other dialects to be found in the composite Keystone State, whose various ingredients have not yet been long enough exposed to the welding power of the common-school system to have become altogether homogeneous. The eastern end of the southern border of the State—Delaware and Chester Counties—was chiefly settled by the English; but going west, in Lancaster County, which lies next to Chester, and in York County, which lies across the Susquehanna from Lancaster, we find the so-called Dutch element predominating. Yet the first settlers of this part of the Susquehanna Valley, says a writer in the *Educational Monthly*, were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, and there still exist in that region, in common use, many words and idioms taken from Scotland to Ireland, and brought from Ireland here. There are many to-day, says the writer, but fifty years ago there were more; and he sets down some which he noted at that period, selecting such as were new to his ear, he being a Yankee born. Many of them are recognizable as good Scotch or Irish, and some are evidently borrowed from their English neighbors on the east, but some we do not make out. "My feet are starved," the best fed of them would say if his feet were very cold. A hanger-on in kitchens, in the way of the women, was called "a regular old cot" (cotquean), and very likely was told in the frank fashion of half a century since, "You'd better moosey"—a phrase which needs no interpreter certainly, whatever may be its need of a pedigree. "Vamose" would seem the probable parent of it. "It's time to get piece" was the way of saying it was time to prepare luncheon, "piece" being still the term for a child's luncheon in the north of Ireland; and if at lunch-time too much was offered the eater, he declined by saying that "he wouldn't choose such a parcel," and the word "parcel" he would use though it might be cream that was offered him. A bad carver was said to "mamnock" the joint—a good English word once, but to be called obsolete now, we suppose, or provincial, though Milton has it. "Infare," accented on the first syllable, was the term for the home-bringing of a bride and the wedding-reception; while, on the other hand, it was the Scotch probably who furnished the word for the departure of a household—the "flitting;" though in the north of England also the family's removal from one place to another is its "flitting." Genuine English of Shakespeare's time, from the French of Chaucer's, is the participle applied to the boy who played truant, and good Scotch, we suppose, is the "scutching" that he received for his "miching," which also is still a north of Ireland word. A "scutching" as flax is "scutched" is also what he was likely to get if he waded ankle-deep or "over shoe-mouth" in a puddle. Recess, as we say now, the young "micher" of fifty years ago called "little noon," while "big noon" was the interval between the forenoon and afternoon sessions of the school. In "strict" families the younger folks must not use the brusque "what?" in addressing their elders and betters, but the word "nan?" ("anan"). Natty Bumpo, our writer points out, was aware of this usage, and in addressing his superiors followed it. "Hippen" (hip-band?) was the polite term for portions of the drapery of young children, and "mosey-sugar" was their great delicacy when they grew a little older and could take their pennies to the shops. It was a black molasses candy—not cake, as Bartlett says—scaloped at the edges like our cakes of maple-sugar. The molasses candy which had been "worked" till it became white went by another name which we shall request permission to set down. "Belly-guts" was the name it bore—so unpolished was the Pennsylvanian of a former generation. Possibly he may have twisted the French *belles gouttes* into this not very dainty term of his, but possibly, too, this derivation is an effort of the refined. The "native English unde-fied" is, if we recollect right, still in use in Pennsylvania. Here is a queer use of a phrase: "It don't signify, but I'm tired;" "It's very warm, it don't signify;" "It don't signify; this won't do." And what is the origin of the word "saddy," which Bartlett guesses to be a child's corruption of "thank ye," uttered in acknowledgment of a gift or favor, and accompanied by a courtesy? He would seem to do better in his definition of the word, which he makes a verb that means "to bob up and down, to courtesy like a child." But it used to be almost always a noun in Pennsylvania, our writer says; the child was directed to "make a saddy." Yet he admits that among Quaker children in Philadelphia "to this day the only known word for 'thank you' is 'saddy.'" Perhaps its origin is to be sought in some one of the early forms of our "sit" or "set," and the name refers to the sitting-down motion of the courtesy-maker. That is, at all events, as good a guess as that "saddy" is a corruption of "thank ye," which seems



the guess of a philologist in the last stage of botheration. We should say, to help conjecture, that in pronouncing the word the first syllable (whose flatness is marked by the double d) is lengthened out to four times the length of the last syllable. We give briefly a few more of the rare words: to be "nesh" (pr. "nash") was to be in delicate health; to have a "brash" was to have a sick turn; "chellers" were the comb and wattles of a cock; to "ruck up" was to rumple; variable weather was "brittle weather;" a stirring, active housewife was "work-brittle;" "rootching around" was meddling with what did not concern the meddler; to be "bunty" was to be squat in stature; to be "morphewed" or "morphed" was to have freckled or blotched complexion; a "fouty" thing was a trifling thing; to be "bushed" was to be tired; to "sock" is to hit, as with a ball; and, finally, to be "overing the bilious" is to be getting well of the bilious fever.

—Some figures are going the rounds of the press which purport to give the circulation of the leading English papers, but which can hardly be better than conjectural, except as they relate to what is called the "stamped circulation." When sent through the mails, English papers are prepaid, the publishers sending to the post-office authorities as many blank wrappers as they have mail subscribers, and the authorities, after putting on the red stamp, returning them to the office of the newspaper. The *Times*, however, by special arrangement, has a Government clerk in its own office, and the stamp is affixed there. Of the *Times*, the number of stamped copies during the last year was 6,700 daily. Next came the *Standard*, a penny paper that we never hear of on this side of the water, with 5,033. The *Pall Mall Gazette*—which, however, must have a good many mail subscribers for its weekly edition, the *Pall Mall Budget*—had for its daily number of stamped copies 1,253; the *Morning Post* had 623; and the *Daily News* 220. Doubtless the mail subscription list of the *Times*, with its large foreign circulation, and the weight it carries in the various provincial centres and in the country houses, is larger in proportion to its unstamped circulation than that of any of the other papers; and, possibly, though it has no mail subscribers at all, the *Telegraph's* boast of its having more purchasers than any other English daily paper may be true. The whole London circulation of a paper goes without stamp, and so does all of its circulation which it gets by way of the newsdealers and expressmen. The guesses as to the total circulation of the London journals give the *Times* 65,000, the *Standard* 65,000, the *Standard* 45,000, the *Pall Mall Gazette* 10,000, the *Morning Post* 7,000. The *News* is set down at 3,000; but that figure seems preposterous, as does 220 for its mail subscription list. The *Telegraph* is thought to be somewhere between the *Times* and the *Standard*. Of the weekly papers, the story goes that the *Spectator* has in all about 4,500 or 5,000 subscribers, while for the *Saturday Review* 20,000 are claimed. 15,000 would probably be nearer the mark. Neither of these papers would be an extraordinarily good property in virtue of its subscription list alone; both are kept in what the publishers call deep-water by the fact that the advertiser in them reaches a wealthy purchasing class. The number of the *Saturday Review* before us, for example, has twenty pages of advertising matter, and it charges for each page just about twice as much as any similar American periodical charges. One of the advertisements, we observe at a casual glance, is addressed to people who have "castles and mansions" which may need repairing. And the *Spectator*, in its circular to intending or possible advertisers, calls their attention to its great popularity and extensive circulation, "chiefly among the nobility and gentry, members of both Houses of Parliament, the clergy, and professional men generally."

—This is that well-known time of the year when, commencements being in season, the "live men" of the newspaper offices each takes up his parable against the college graduate. Just as, about this time last July, we were called on to observe how the college graduate in five minutes settles the weightiest political and moral problems of the age; and how severe he is on the ambition of Julius Cæsar, even so about this time next July will some satirical genius be scathing upon the college graduate, and ask us to observe how he denounces Philip of Macedon, and how he is strong on all political and moral questions, but especially on the moral. In short, we listen yearly to much exquisite wit and humor, whose freshness, year by year, is as good as anything else about it, but which, for all reasons, is creditable to the minds that produce it. Occasionally it is varied by an "earnest word," such as the *Tribune* uttered the other day in its remarks about "Bloodlessness"—remarks which in various ways suggested the saying of a certain gentlemanly and sagacious editor, that "of all horned cattle, he least liked to see in the office of his newspaper a col-

lege graduate." "We do not seem yet," says the writer in question, "to have got beyond the impression that a professor is to be a dry, sharp, thin, waspish man." . . . "More than endowments, more than scholarships, our colleges need a race of manly, hopeful professors." . . . "Whose fault is it that Harvard has but two of its graduates in the Senate and two in the House?" Professors should be hearty, and the young men whom they send out will then leave college hopeful and cheerful—instead, is it, of being the dejected, hopeless creatures that they are now? The man who annually gets himself to his task of spinning out small and vapid jokes on the valedictorians, does no particular harm, and means none, but only to be facetious in a permitted and, indeed, prescribed way; but the writer of such an article as we have been quoting from does positive harm wherever his influence reaches. In the first place, he writes of something about which he knows nothing or but little, and that is something that an honest man will not do. In the second place, what with defective knowledge, and what with his not having thought his subject out with any carefulness, he gives his readers false impressions, as, for example, that distinction in our ordinary politics is not often got by men whom there is no necessity of our respecting overmuch; that the influence of our college-bred men on our higher politics has not been very great indeed; that the making of laws, the administration of justice, and diplomacy have not been largely in their hands; that our best soldiering has not been done by men whose training was strictly academic; that, finally, the portion of the country where common schools—of which colleges are the mothers—have most thoroughly moulded the opinion of the country, has not been very influential (whether it got into Congress from the East or from the West) in shaping the policy and destiny of the country. As to all these matters, we say this writer gives such of his readers as take what he says for truth impressions utterly false. Then, in the next place, he has led himself astray to doubt that it is primarily a professor's business to teach—not to be "genial," or "manly," or anything else in the advanced thinker's and advanced feeler's catalogue—but to teach, and so to teach that those who study with him shall learn, and learn well—learn gladly, indeed, but learn well and thoroughly. He is there mainly to teach what he knows, as they are there with him to be taught his special branch of knowledge. All over the country there are platforms full of "genial" men; and everywhere there are editors' offices full of "manly" men—who discuss the woman question by unmanly and ungenial and indecent references, by name, to two or three women; of "genial" men whose idea of wit is thin flippancy, whose good nature is to give a puff to some cheap rascal, while their idea of invective is to call liar after an opponent, or coin some sneaking anonymous report against him; of "earnest" men, not of the "bloodless, academic mind," who discover "Prince Charles, of Roomelee;" who make Napoleon ardently support the claims of Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern, to the Spanish throne; who invent triple alliances that, perhaps, might deceive a Santa Fé editor; who support funding bills that might convulse a curbstone broker with laughter; who talk in bewilderment Mr. Henry Carey's political economy. Full of such men the country is; and not to the detriment of its vulgarity and folly. Whether he does it out of simple ignorance or malice or recklessness, or out of femininity of intellect, incapable of real labor, and hating the exactions of masculine standards, the man is nothing less than a public enemy who does anything to increase the inevitable tendency of us Americans to be "genial" and "manly" and "earnest," after the platform fashion; to disregard sound learning and hard study; to pay too much deference to pretension, whether loudly vulgar or consisting in a veneer of so-called culture; to give too little honor to experts. The case, however, grows better from day to day.

—The recent announcement that a manuscript containing some of the missing books of Livy had just been discovered in a Silesian monastery was made with an air of authority, and assurances were given that this time at any rate there was no *canard*. The manuscript has been examined by competent authorities, however, and is pronounced worthless, as containing nothing not long known, and as being a copy of origin comparatively recent.

#### EARL STANHOPE'S "REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE."\*

THE reign of Queen Anne, though not fraught with so deep an interest as some other periods of English history, forms a very good subject for a historian. The nation, after the series of revolutions and counter-revolutions which terminated in 1688, is in comparative repose; but the intel-

\* "History of England, comprising the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht. By Earl Stanhope, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. 1701-1713." London: John Murray.

lectual activity awakened by the great struggle remains, and displays itself in other spheres. A brilliant though somewhat shallow literature, of which Addison, Swift, and Pope are the leaders and the types, gives the period the name of the Augustan age of England. Science produces its Newton, learning its Bentley. The era of parliamentary government now commences, and a lively political drama is formed by the struggle of factions and the play of personal rivalries. Political and literary tastes, even political and literary eminence, are combined by the leading men in a singular degree. Marlborough's wars supply a military pageant of the most splendid kind. The costume, the manners, the art, all the accessories of the scene, are well marked, and, though artificial and formal, picturesque in their way. This attractive theme has long waited for a writer to do full justice to it; and we are obliged to say that, in our judgment, it waits still. Lord Stanhope is a good historical writer, of the school which confines its narrative mainly to political and historical events, and attempts little in the way of philosophy. He is a man of the world, knows society, and has taken part in government; he is well informed and accurate; he writes clearly and with ease; his manner is pleasant and undogmatic; his moral judgments and sympathies are always those of a man of honor; and, though his writings are pervaded by aristocratic prepossessions, against which we find it necessary to be always on our guard, he is never tempted by party feeling to withhold or distort a fact. These qualities are all apparent in his larger work, in which we have sometimes found relief after the glare, the dogmatism, and the exaggeration of Macaulay. But it is evident that he has taken up the reign of Anne rather because he felt it his duty to fill the gap between Macaulay's history and his own, and perhaps, also, to complete the unfinished work of his friend, than because he was impelled by a lively interest in his task. When we saw that his history was to be in a single volume, we feared that it could not fail to be dry and meagre, knowing that his style was not that of Tacitus, and we find our fears fulfilled. We do not mean merely that the history is unsensational, for that we should esteem a great merit. Hardly anything is given us beyond political and military details, and even these sometimes in very niggard measure; the negotiation for the Union between England and Scotland, for example—a display of ability on the part of Somers and his colleagues in peace which forms the full counterpart of Marlborough's achievements in war, and has been of far more lasting importance—suffers from inadequate treatment. Even the composition shows want of care, being, contrary to Lord Stanhope's habit, often awkward and sometimes ungrammatical; while the text, in important passages, is sometimes defaced by the insertion of trivial remarks which, upon a second thought, could have been thrown into a note. Lord Stanhope could not treat of a period of history with which he is so conversant without adding to our knowledge; but, we repeat, the reign of Anne still waits for its historian.

During the first portion of the reign, the scene is filled by Marlborough, Macaulay's character of whom we looked with special interest to see revised by Lord Stanhope. Lord Stanhope, however, though evidently more favorable to Marlborough than Macaulay, leaves the material facts pretty much as they were; indeed, he rather adds to the evidence of the duke's double-dealing, and shows that it was prolonged to the very end of his public career. The betrayal of the Brest expedition is recognized as an undeniable fact; and, if the betrayal of the Brest expedition cannot be denied, Marlborough must have been a villain. Honor and shame must have been extinct in the breast of the man who could be guilty of that crime. Had the perpetrator actually foreseen the fate of the gallant Talmash and his comrades, it would have added but a shade to the darkness of his guilt. As to the ignoble avarice which was a chief root of evil in Marlborough, there can be no question. Of a servant who had saved him out of the hands of French freebooters, he complains that the man "had cost him fifty pounds a year ever since." Nor does it seem to us that his receipt of enormous sums from army contracts, and as perquisites on subsidies, is justified by the plea, which was very fully supported, of usage, or by the somewhat contradictory plea that the sums were applied to the public service in obtaining secret intelligence of the enemy's designs. There is no doubt that Marlborough did pay high for secret intelligence; but, if the whole or the quarter part of the money in question had been so expended, an account of the expenditure would surely have been forthcoming when the duke was accused of malversation.

As in the case of Bacon, so in that of Marlborough, we must accept the anomaly, if it be an anomaly, of a low moral nature combined with the highest intellectual gifts. He sprang from the worst element of the Restoration, and was a type of the public moral-

ity of the court of Charles II. But for a villain he was a superb creature. His noble beauty, the mingled majesty and gentleness of his manner, the social graces, in which Chesterfield thought him peerless, and which must have been trebly graceful in the god of war, made so profound an impression on the men of his time that through their feelings we seem ourselves almost to feel his inspiring and bewitching presence. His serenity, never disturbed by any trial or by any peril, inspired Addison, in the only good passage of the "Campaign," with the image of the Angel of the Storm "calmly driving the furious blast." People wonder how any one who had once experienced Marlborough's perfidy could have trusted him. But they should rather wonder how any one could have brought himself to show mistrust in a being at once so fascinating, so august. Marlborough's victories were won as much in the cabinet as in the field; and the diplomatic address with which he subdued the heterogeneous and refractory elements of the most motley of coalitions, and induced them to furnish him with the means of great achievements, is perhaps without a parallel in history. He had brought himself to the point of regarding the pride and waywardness of other men simply as material obstacles, to be surmounted by address and flattery, as he would have passed a ditch with fascines. By handing a napkin to the upstart King of Prussia, he removed all difficulty for the future with regard to the Prussian contingent, and by flattery unspeakably gross, but, as he rightly judged, not too gross for egotism verging on insanity, he averted the intervention, which would certainly have been fatal, of Charles of Sweden. Had General McClellan studied the history of Marlborough, he might have learned that it was one of the most essential duties of a great commander to keep on good terms with those on whose hearty support the vigor of his operations must depend. Voltaire said with literal truth of Marlborough as a general, that he never fought a battle which he did not win, nor besieged a town which he did not take. Yet some of his operations were hazardous in the highest degree; so hazardous that, in order to be at liberty to undertake them, he had to hoodwink his own allies. But his calm and profound intellect always exactly measured both his own forces, inadequate as they sometimes appeared, and the forces of the enemy; and the results on which he had calculated never failed to come to pass. In the field, too, he displayed some good native qualities of heart, untainted by his intrigue; chivalrous courtesy towards captives, magnanimity in sharing his laurels with his allies, and, above all, a regard for the wounded which was remarkable in an age when, in some of the European armies, the difference between being killed and wounded was only that between a speedy and a lingering death. He seems to have been really made ill by the sight of the carnage and of the sufferings of the wounded at Malplaquet. His ravaging of the country round Munich to force the Elector of Bavaria to terms was not an act of extraordinary atrocity for that age, and therefore his expression of sorrow at being under the necessity of burning the homes of innocent peasants to overcome the obstinacy of their prince, ludicrous as it now seems, may be set down to his credit. He seems in war to have been even religious; before the battle of Blenheim he received the Sacrament, and passed a great part of the night in prayer.

Marlborough's life was ruled by the single principle of self-interest; but the game he played was a complicated one, and his course was tortuous, and sometimes in appearance wavering accordingly. He absolutely ruled Anne through his wife, who was thus the pillar of his fortunes—a fact which perhaps partly accounts for his more than uxorious submission to the temper of a termagant. To see Anne upon the throne was therefore his first desire; and the birth of the Prince of Wales, on which James II. so much congratulated himself, was probably fatal to him in two ways—by driving the nation to despair, and by closing the door against the ambitious hopes of John Churchill. Macaulay seems to have detected Marlborough at the bottom of a conspiracy which would have hastened Anne's accession by overthrowing the government of William and Mary. But after the revolution a second object arose. From that time it was Marlborough's aim, by intrigues with St. Germain, to secure himself in the event of that second Restoration which the politicians of the day, misled by a false analogy, seem to have deemed inevitable, and their expectation of which is the clue to most of their sinister proceedings. Probably, when he had risen to supreme military power, the example of Monk was before his mind. He sent professions of good-will to the Prince of Wales through De Biron, one of the prisoners of Oudenarde; and Lord Stanhope holds it to be proved that he supplied money to the Pretender in 1715. Paramount over all, however, was the necessity of attaining high military distinction, which sometimes crossed Marlborough's other lines of action, inasmuch as the power against which war was to be



made was France, the patroness of the Stuarts. Altogether he wove a tangled web. He was accused of obstructing the negotiations for peace in order that he might retain his command, and the immense emoluments attached to it. But, on the other hand, he had strong motives for ingratiating himself with Louis XIV.; and it does not appear, so far as we can discern, that he gave any decided impulse in either direction to the policy of the country. Lord Stanhope seems to consider the question settled by Marlborough's protestations to his wife of his desire to be relieved from command and return to domestic happiness. Such protestations are worth little in any case, and least of all in the case of Marlborough. But they are accompanied by complaints of failing strength and loss of memory which were probably sincere. It was the penalty of the double-dealing, which justly repelled the confidence of William, that, though the great soldier had more than once revealed himself, his appearance in high command was put off to his fifty-second year, when, though his intellect was in the fulness of its power, his body could not bear seventeen hours in the saddle at a time so well as that of a younger man. Probably the decay which soon followed his retirement from command was the consequence of his overstrain. Great bribes were dangled before his eyes by the French king in the course of the negotiations for peace. "It is painful," says Lord Stanhope, "to think that such offers were actually made; but we may rejoice that the great duke met them exactly as his warmest admirers would have wished; Torcey informed the king that whenever, in their private interviews, he reverted to the points of personal emolument, he saw Marlborough redden, and without reply change the conversation." Perhaps the great duke's warmest admirers might have wished a little more; they might have wished that, instead of allowing the offer to be several times repeated, as it appears it was, he had on the first occasion so repelled that the offer could never have been made again. After all, it is not the height of moral glory for a man in Marlborough's position to have refused a direct bribe; and the acceptance of it, with such a game as he had then before him, would have been folly as well as dishonor.

As to the difference between opposite sets of political principles and opposite political associations, it was to the great duke simply the difference between one military position and another. A Tory at first, if he was anything, he became a Whig because the Whigs supported the war better, and he was ready, as soon as it served his turn, to become a Tory again. Never did tacticians commit a greater blunder than was committed by Harley and Bolingbroke when they estranged by inexpiable injuries and insults the military chief in whose aid lay their only hope of success in their treasonable designs, and who, if wisely approached, would have been ready to lend that aid. But the moral infirmities of Bacon do not detract from the value of the "Novum Organum," nor does the political double-dealing of Marlborough detract from the great services which as a soldier he rendered not only to his country, but to Europe, by preserving the independence and the free development of nations from the domination of the French despotism, then instinct with the senile bigotry of Louis XIV., and as reactionary as the despotism of Philip II. Among the services rendered by Marlborough to his own country may fairly be reckoned the Union with Scotland. That event, following close upon the battle of Ramillies, was evidently a consequence of the victories which cut off from the Scotch Jacobites and Disunionists the hope of aid from France. Lord Stanhope has failed to notice this connection; but he gives the final blow to the belief so firmly fixed in the mind of Sir Walter Scott, that the Union was carried by bribery. In the charge itself there was nothing incredible; but the only evidence, that tendered by the Jacobite Lockhart of Carnwath, when examined, comes to nothing. It had already been nearly demolished by the Scotch historian, Mr. J. H. Burton, and Lord Stanhope completes the work.

In all that follows the Peace of Utrecht we are referred to the author's other history, which itself deals somewhat perfunctorily with that period. Lord Stanhope hastens on to a general chapter on the age of Anne, and hastens through that chapter in a way which leaves a good deal to be desired. The account of Defoe is not only most inadequate but unfair, and makes us a little angry. Defoe seems to be introduced merely as a foil to the author's ancestor, General Stanhope, an honest politician for that day as well as a meritorious officer, but not so great a man that we can afford to immolate Defoe to his shade. It appears from a letter in Lord Stanhope's family archives that during the impeachment of Sacheverel, and while the High Church mob was pulling down Dissenting chapels in honor of that idol, Defoe tendered to Stanhope, who was one of the managers of the impeachment, evidence to the effect that Sacheverel was not personally the saint his worshippers took him to be, nor so loyal

a friend to the constitution as he solemnly declared before the House of Lords that he was. Lord Stanhope has the pleasure of telling us that his relative "took no heed of these ignominious counsels, and invited no further communication from Defoe." No doubt Defoe had better have held his tongue; as, we may add, Stanhope had better have kept out of the Sacheverel impeachment. But this single incident, coupled with the remark, which to the mass of readers will be more than vague, that the genius of Defoe was superior to that of Oldmixon, is surely not a satisfactory account of the first political writer of an eminently political age.

On a general review of the period, Lord Stanhope comes to the conclusion that, in spite of all modern improvements, the English people in the reign of Anne enjoyed a larger measure of happiness than the English people at the present day. He forgets the vast increase of population and the purpose or the means of subsistence which it entails. But his ideas of social happiness are extremely conservative and squararchical. His social paradise is a community of land-owners, undisturbed by radicals, and living on terms of gracious familiarity with an attached, respectful, and, above all, contented tenantry. Contentment is his great virtue, and he does not consider how much easier it is to a man of rank and fortune than to a peasant with a large family, and earning two dollars and a half a week. The growth of manufactures he regards with an evil eye, though the state of the "loveliest village of the plain" would, by this time, have been far from Elysian, if the surplus population of the English rural districts had not been absorbed by the great manufacturing cities. At the time of the Corn Law struggle in England, the manufacturers met the aspersions cast by the squires on the factory system by exhibiting, in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, a pair of breeches taken from a peasant, which literally stood on end with patches and grease, and the weight of which was astounding. "The laws," says Lord Stanhope, "in the reign of Anne were not so good as at present, but the people were better satisfied with them." If the people in those days were not satisfied with the laws, and with the Squire Westerns who administered them, they were summarily whipped or set in the stocks. For persons of quality, the state of things in Anne's reign was satisfactory; but a glance at the penal code of those days, or even at the low-life pictures of Hogarth, is enough to show that the world in general had good reasons for moving on.

#### HAWTHORNE'S ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS.\*

THE editor of these note-books informs us that from the extreme delicacy and difficulty of writing a biography of Hawthorne she has felt compelled to refuse compliance with the many requests for a biography that have been made her. Moreover, she says that "Mr. Hawthorne had frequently and emphatically expressed the hope that no one would attempt to write his biography." These are certainly sufficient reasons why no member of his family should make a life of him; and they ought, perhaps, though it is a little difficult to say, to be sufficient to prevent any of his acquaintances; though they could probably give the world nothing it does not know. Except his family, and one or two very intimate friends, no one could do more than make a life that should be, as to one side of it, a purely surface affair, concerned only with the outward facts of his life, and, on the other side, a criticism of his character as that is revealed in his books and in these notes. But perhaps Hawthorne had something of Burns's rather morbid dislike of any possible biography of himself, and would have opposed, if he could, the appearance of any sort of one. He can hardly have expected to escape such a one as that we speak of, however; cyclopædia articles and ordinary reviews of his works will give such, as already they have given them. And, indeed, such lives of him are probably about as good for practical purposes as anything we should get even from a relative. We have a notion that in that case we should seem to get a little closer to him than he permits us in his romances and in the revelations, such as they are, of the diaries, but also we imagine that the greater nearness of approach and closer intimacy would be seeming rather than real. In fact, one would say that the revelation is pretty complete already, and that we lose little but the knowledge of his affectional life, and of the traits of his behavior, as distinguished from the traits of his character. Should the editor of these notes give us a volume of formal memoirs, we should have materials in some ways fuller for forming an estimate of him; but we imagine that a true and very definite estimate of him may well enough be formed by any one who should read all the books, and then all these details of his thoughts and feelings, and then the best criticisms by his contemporaries of him and his works. To literary

\* "Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870. 2 vols. 12mo.

men who study his methods, and would get at the heart of his mystery, of course every scrap of testimony would be welcome; but, as we say, probably they would not get, from those who knew him best, anything that would essentially change the estimate that may be formed on what is already extant in print; while, for the ordinary reader, the romances are the main thing to be cared for. In the decision which has been reached by the author's family, the public may, then, willingly acquiesce, even were diaries less interesting, and biographies more interesting than they are.

Perhaps as striking, to be at the same time new, as anything in the volumes before us, is the mingled sense of relief and oppression which the two Englands that he saw gave our observer—the England of the cathedrals and castles, and the England of the beadle and parson; the England of Battle Abbey, and the England of the coroner and policeman and gin-shop; the England of immemorial hedge-rows and gardens and parks, and the England with sluggish ponds for lakes, and with “forests” in charge of keepers; the England where American “majorities” distress no one, but where there is a “populace”; the England of ordered ranks and fixed degrees and civility in servants, and the England of privileged classes, and of citizens in whom civility degenerates into servility, and of classes stolidly and squalidly brutish, and brutally dangerous; the England that respects genius, whether or not it has achieved a consulship, and the England that respects a genius rather more if he has achieved the Liverpool consulship, and that looks down a little even on a consul, if, after all, he is only a Yankee consul; the England that knows so well how to eat and drink and be comfortable, but whose men are apt to be beefy and paunchy, and whose women, if one is disposed to be uncivil, one may style, collectively, “Mrs. Bull.” These two Englands seem to have inspired Mr. Hawthorne with the mingled satisfaction, pleasure, respect, and gratitude, on the one hand, and dislike, soreness, and contempt, qualified by pity, on the other, which is probably the natural state of feeling that the mother country must produce in the Anglo-American and poet, who, at the same time, cannot forget that he is Yankee, and Democrat, and Puritan. No one passage, perhaps, shows our author in this precise attitude, but the books constantly imply it, and doubtless with all the more certainty that they contain not his deliberate judgments, but his first impressions, and statements of these to himself.

After all, Hawthorne's nature must have been, in a manner, morbid. To have seen but one England was not in him. Doubtless we are not to call him “gloomy and morbid,” as those words—which the editor expressly repels as a characterization of him—are commonly understood. How should such a man be sour, or unkind, or inconsiderate, even if underneath his gentleness and pensiveness there might be discernible a sterner texture than exists in those to whom the name of gentle is ordinarily given, and not un seldom because they have the yieldingness and softness that go with weakness? But the sort of morbidness that, so to speak, is not individual in its causes, nor strictly personal in its expression; the sort of morbidness which is the accumulation of generations, and which makes a nature unhealthy by reason of the peculiar form which its ancestors', perhaps healthy, activity has impressed upon it; this, it seems plain, is a morbidness that Hawthorne had. Perhaps it constituted his very genius. Or perhaps the case is that genius, the analytic “telescope of truth,” was the cause of the morbidness. The former way of putting it seems to us least calculated to convey a false impression. Hawthorne is always—though, characteristically, he condemns it—turning over the stone, surrounded with violets, it may be, and showing beneath it, and near the flowers, the creeping things that there evade and shun the light. Genius, which is, perhaps, best defined as only insight into the inner essential nature of things, is, in its truest development, “joyous, not grievous.” At the last, we are not sad over the “Antigone,” nor when Othello makes his end, nor over Lear and Cordelia, nor over Job—even before the cattle and sheep and camels have come back in greater numbers than ever. But the “Scarlet Letter,” and the “Blithedale Romance,” and the “Marble Faun,” these have to be pronounced, on the whole, fine and rare as they are, depressing and not cheering. It is as if to the cradle of the most gifted descendant of their judges, among the spirits bringing him so many good gifts, there had come, also, more potent than their brighter companions, the ghosts of the witches executed by his Puritan ancestors. His gifts and graces of imagination and fancy appear as if dominated by some spell compelling them to face always the sinfulness of sin, to busy themselves with the spiritual depths, not of man, but of man under the curse of total depravity and foreordained to wrath—with the depths of human nature in corruption. It becomes impossible, then, to dissociate his

morbidness from his genius, and to avoid saying that his morbidness constitutes his genius, and that in his case, in no other, “genius is a disease.”

Another thing that will catch the attention of the reader, perhaps, before he has noted the sad double vision, as obviously exemplified in our author's views of England and the English, is his apparent rawness as regards many matters of which his delicacy and fineness in his own chosen field would lead one to infer him skilled. Who would have expected to hear him pronouncing the Nelson monument “very noble”? Or, at least, if ignorance in these things may be excused—goodness of taste being something largely to be learned, as some say virtue itself is a habit to be acquired—who would not have expected him to be a quiet learner and to avoid laying down dicta? It was, no doubt, in a moment of wilfulness, or peevishness, or playful perverseness, that he set down his wish that all the remains of ancient art could be pounded into mortar; no one deliberately speaks in that way of things which, whether he knows about them or not, have been venerated by many generations of the best men. But it is calmly enough, and with the air of a man who conceives his opinion to be of some value, to himself, at least, if not to others, that he records his disapproval of Turner and other English painters, and his belief in Murillo as the greatest of artists, while yet, at the same time, the Nelson monument and the London Monument and the works of Haydon come in for praise. It is true that he appears to grow more discerning the more he studies, and perhaps a shade less dogmatic. The same rawness one suspects in reading the very numerous descriptions of cathedrals and churches and ruins—descriptions so many and so minute that one thinks the writer could not have read of such things before, nor known how infinitely much has been written about them. To be sure, it was all twenty years ago; and was done by a man who, whatever his genius, got the cultivation of it, as a young man, in the New England of fifty years ago—a land and time that are now, as regards such things, further away than we of to-day can easily imagine.

Of course, there is here and there jotted down, as if for future use, some weird or sombre or beautiful germ of a romance, and these at once throw over the reader the full charm of our author, when he is essentially the Hawthorne whom the world admires; and one wakes to the feeling that, if he has been walking in prosaic ways with a companion who has not been too enlivening or helpful, he has, nevertheless, been journeying with one who has the spell for showing a vision of fairy-land beyond the next hedge.

There remains to be noted the occasional shrewdness of observation; some anecdotes of men like Buchanan, Thackeray, Jerrold, and Lord Houghton; a few good descriptions of show-places in England and Scotland, and, finally, the general readableness, in virtue of the writer's celebrity, as well as of the skill with which he does the work in hand, and the intrinsic interest of the things he writes about, which make these note-books perhaps the most interesting work of the season. We append a few passages of various sorts, selected almost at random—some, we may fancy, that our author would have been ready to print, and some that he might not, but all of use to the student of his character, and pleasing to the ordinary reader:

“I am not quite sure whether I saw all these pictures in the drawing-room or some of them in the dining-room; but the one that struck me most—and very much indeed—was the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, literally the head cut off, and lying on a dish. It is said to have been painted by an Italian or French artist, two days after her death. The hair curls or flows all about it; the face is of a death-like hue, but has an expression of quiet, after much pain and trouble—very beautiful, very sweet and sad; and it affected me strongly with the horror and strangeness of such a head being severed from its body. Methinks I should not like to have it always in the room with me. I thought of the lovely picture of Mary that I had seen at Edinburgh Castle, and reflected what a symbol it would be—how expressive of a human being having her destiny in her own hands—if that beautiful young Queen were painted as carrying this dish, containing her own woful head, and perhaps casting a curious and pitiful glance down upon it, as if it were not her own.”

“I grew weary of so many people, especially of the ladies, who were rather superfluous in their oblations, quite stifling me, indeed, with the incense that they burnt under my nose. So far as I could judge, they had all been invited there to see me. It is ungracious, even hoggyish, not to be gratified with the interest they expressed in me; but then it is really a bore, and one does not know what to do or say. I felt like the hippopotamus, or—to use a more modest illustration—like some strange insect imprisoned under a tumbler, with a dozen eyes watching whatever I did. By-and-by, Mr. Jones, the sculptor, relieved me by standing up against the mantel-piece, and telling an Irish story, not to two or three auditors, but to the whole drawing-room, all attentive as to a set exhibition. It was very funny.”



"The 'Diary of a Coroner' would be a work likely to meet with large popular acceptance. A dark passage-way, only a few yards in extent, leads from the liveliest street in Liverpool to this coroner's court-room, where all the discussion is about murder and suicide. It seems that, after a verdict of suicide, the corpse can only be buried at midnight, without religious rites."

"His lines are cast in pleasant places"—applied to a successful angler."

"A woman's chastity consists, like an onion, of a series of coats. You may strip off the outer ones without doing much mischief, perhaps none at all; but you keep taking off one after another, in expectation of coming to the inner nucleus, including the whole value of the matter. It proves, however, that there is no such nucleus, and that chastity is diffused through the whole series of coats, is lessened with the removal of each, and vanishes with the final one, which you supposed would introduce you to the hidden pearl."

"I called again the next morning, and introduced Mrs. ———, who, I believe, accompanied the ladies about town. This simplicity in Mr. ———'s manner puzzles and teases me; for, in spite of it, there was a sort of self-consciousness, as if he were being looked at—as if he were having his portrait taken."

"I wonder how the English ever attain to any conception of a future existence, since they so overburden themselves with earth and mortality in their ideas of funerals. A drive with an undertaker, in a sable-plumed coach!—talking about graves!—and yet he was a jolly old fellow, wonderfully corpulent, with a smile breaking out easily all over his face—although, once in a while, looking professionally lugubrious."

"I think I have been happier this Christmas than ever before, by my own fireside, and with my wife and children about me—more content to enjoy what I have—less anxious for anything beyond it, in this life. My early life was perhaps a good preparation for the declining half of life; it having been such a blank that any thereafter would compare favorably with it. For a long, long while, I have occasionally been visited with a singular dream; and I have an impression that I have dreamed it ever since I have been in England. It is that I am still at college—or, sometimes, even at school—and there is a sense that I have been there unconsciously long, and have quite failed to make such progress as my contemporaries have done; and I seem to meet some of them with a feeling of shame and depression that broods over me as I think of it, even when awake. This dream, recurring all through these twenty or thirty years, must be one of the effects of that heavy seclusion in which I shut myself up for twelve years after leaving college, when everybody moved onward, and left me behind. How strange that it should come now, when I may call myself famous and prosperous!—when I am happy, too!"

#### RED CLOUD SEEN THROUGH FRIENDLY EYES.\*

IN the country which lies between the Missouri River and the headwaters of the Mississippi, the early explorers of the Northwest found a nation of Indians, numerous and warlike, whom the Ojibways called Nadouessioux (whence, according to Charlevoix, the nickname "Sioux"), but who designated themselves as Dakotas. For a number of years they have occupied the attention of the American people, more perhaps than any other tribes, and sometimes in a very disagreeable way. Quite lately, they have come before us in a new light, as represented in the person of Red Cloud and his fellow-braves, in the drawing-room of the White House and on the platform of the Hall of Cooper Institute.

In 1835, a mission was established among these heathen of the Northwest by the "American Board." A history of this mission has appeared, written for the most part by Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, one of the earlier missionaries—a gentleman well known to students of the Indian languages by his very creditable "Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language," published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1852. Mr. Riggs in the Preface, and Secretary Treat in the Introduction, enter a sort of apology for the deficiency of the "popular" and "thrilling" element in the new volume; but no one whose critical faculty has not been "thrilled" into a state of demoralization will consider any apology necessary for a style which is remarkably straightforward and free from affectation—sometimes, indeed, singularly colorless and simple, but, on the other hand, frequently powerful by its suggestion of a power held in reserve. Mr. Riggs furnishes a truthful and sufficiently vivid picture of missionary work in a field as fruitful of intermingled trials and joys as any in which brave men have labored across the seas; and not only of missionary work, but incidentally of frontier warfare and all the vicissitudes of pioneer life. The account of the massacre in 1862—the full history of which has been written by Captain Heard—is well given from the missionary point of view; and the chapters on the civilization and education of the red men, and the remarks on the duty of the Government toward them, exhibit just such a combination of Christian charity and Anglo-Saxon indignation

as we should expect from a sensible man who had spent his life in endeavors to elevate and "save" them.

But the book is more than a narrative of missionary work; it contains a considerable store of information for the student of American ethnology, especially for him who would collect accurate data for that branch of this fascinating science which is just now coming forth into such prominence, "comparative mythology." In some of its details it has been anticipated by Mrs. Eastman's "Dahcotah"—a book published more than twenty years ago; but for a systematized and authentic account of those facts in Dakotan life which concern the student of aboriginal American religions and customs we must look to this unpretending volume rather than anywhere else. We have, in successive chapters, a condensed but accurate statement of the ethnography of the Dakota tribes; a general characterization of the Dakota language, intended for the popular rather than the philological eye; a description of the everyday life of the Dakotas, especially of their amusements, plays, games of chance, and dances; and, lastly, a detailed and careful account of the Dakota theology and rites of worship. These subjects occupy a hundred pages of the book; and there is, besides, an appendix of fifty pages, devoted to an account of Dakota medicine, by Rev. T. S. Williamson, M.D., and of Dakota songs and music, by Rev. Alfred L. Riggs. The younger Mr. Riggs is also the author of the chapters on the Dakota mythology and worship.

Apart from the testimony it affords on the disputed question of the utility of missions to the heathen, the chief value of the book, to thoughtful readers, will consist in the authentic record it thus furnishes of the inner life of the Dakota people, as manifested in their customs, their religion, their songs, music, and dances. We have here—what the student of religions would welcome so eagerly from other Indian nations—a full, connected, and trustworthy account of a national mythology; and we see how entirely it stands by itself as a quite peculiar embodiment of that religious sentiment which exists in all nations alike. The term "Tahkoo Wakau," which serves as the title of the book, as well as of the chapter on the Dakota religion, means "that which is supernatural or mysterious." Of this, the Dakotas seem to possess a very vivid and abiding conception; and it is this, under a large variety of forms, that they consciously and confessedly worship: "No one term can express the full meaning of the Dakota's *wakau*. It comprehends all mystery, secret power, and divinity. Awe and reverence are its due. And it is as unlimited in manifestation as it is in idea. All life is *wakau*. So also is everything which exhibits power—whether in action, as the winds and drifting clouds; or in passive endurance, as the boulder by the wayside" (p. 56). The religion of the Dakotas—the outgrowth of this broad conception of the supernatural in nature—is a curious mixture of fetish-worship on the one hand, and pantheism on the other.

Mr. Riggs speaks of their gods as "innumerable," but selects nine or ten as calling for more extended notice because of the prominent place they hold in the Dakota pantheon. Each of these unique creations of the aboriginal imagination is worthy of close study; but we must confine ourselves to an item here and there. A fact well worth noticing is that the worship of the *Tonkan*, or stone-god, seems to belong to a "less corrupted religion than that which prevails in the present age among the Dakotas," and that the god is considered the oldest "because it is the hardest"—an Indian's reason. Very curious is the account of the *Hayoka*, or anti-natural god—a deity which Dr. Brinton, in his "Myths of the New World" (p. 151), seems to confound with the *Wakyan*, the thunder-god. But Dr. Brinton's mistake—whoever is responsible for it—ought to be readily forgiven; for it seems that one of the varieties of *Hayoka* "carries a drum, and for a drumstick holds a small *Wakyan* god by the tail, striking the drum with its beak." The *Hayoka*, all things considered, is the embodiment of a most singular conception. He seems to represent the perverse and paradoxical in nature, and certainly illustrates the perverseness of man's imagination.

"He expresses joy by sighs and groans and a most doleful countenance, and sorrow and pain by the opposite sounds and looks. Heat causes his flesh to shiver and his teeth to chatter, while cold makes him perspire. In the coldest winter weather, when the mercury congeals, these gods seek some prominence on the prairie, where they put up bushes to shield them from the rays of the sun, and under which they sit naked, and fan themselves as they swelter with heat. But in the oppressive heat of summer, they wrap around them robe on robe, and lean over a rousing fire, sniveling and shaking with the cold, like one in a fit of the ague. They feel perfect confidence when beset with dangers, and quake with fear when safe. With them, falsehood and truth are reversed. Good is their evil and evil their good" (pp. 67, 68).

Yet, strange to say, it is one of the *Hayoka* gods that takes the place of

\* "Tah'-koo Wah-kaú; or, The Gospel among the Dakotas. By Stephen R. Riggs, A.M., Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., and Author of the Dakota Grammar and Dictionary. With an Introduction by S. B. Treat, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M." Boston: Cong. Sabbath-School and Publishing Society. (No date.)

Zephyrus of the ancients, manifesting himself "at times in the gentle whirlwind, and sometimes, visibly, in the delicate waving of the tall grass on the prairie." The capricious in nature is represented also in the *Tahkoo shkan shkan*, or moving-god; yet, by what seems a strange caprice of his worshippers, his residence is supposed to be in the firm-set boulder; "so that boulders are universally worshipped by the Dakotas." These few references will serve to show how peculiar and complicated is the mythology of this rude people, how remarkable as the product of savage minds, and, at the same time, how incongruous and absurd, it is, and how accurately it reflects the mind and life of a race standing face to face with the vast unknown, and contending for ever with the inclement forces of nature.

Scarcely less interesting than the chapter on the Dakotan mythology is that on the Dakotan worship. There is a good account of the "sacrifices," or, rather, the bloodless offerings and gifts, in which the superstitious fears and desires of the Indian find so frequent expression; of the cruel ceremony of self-immolation, which Mr. Catlin, in his "O kee-pa," has described as he found it practised among the Mandans—a tribe of the Dakotan stock; of their feasts and dances and rites of purification; and of their medicine men or sorcerers, and the "order of the sacred dance." Mr. Riggs favors the opinion that the religion of these aborigines is neither more nor less than demon-worship, thus taking issue with Dr. Brinton ("Myths," p. 59); but the logic by which this conclusion is reached is certainly somewhat lame: "For the worship of the Dakota does not fall on vacancy, but is consciously paid to spiritual beings, which can be none other than the spirits of darkness" (p. 93). The resemblance, however, which he traces between the Dakotan beliefs and practices and the system of modern "spiritualism" is well worthy of notice. No one can read of the performance with knotted ropes in a closed lodge (pp. 96, 97) without thinking of the Davenport Brothers, and of spiritualistic *séances* as reported from time to time in the newspapers. But, on the other hand, it is not "spiritualism" to give every human being four souls, and then to have "no particular concern as to what may become of them after death!"

We have taken the more pleasure in calling attention to the substantial contributions to our knowledge of aboriginal life which this volume contains, because it is so thoroughly unpretentious, and is issued under such auspices that scholars might be apt to overlook it. There are parts of it, as we have seen, which are well worth the scholar's attention; and other parts, we may add, which we should be glad to commend to those in authority, in Washington and on the frontier, as containing the testimony of one who knows, against the methods which our Government and its agents have thus far pursued, together with wise suggestions—valuable not because of their novelty, but because of the large experience upon which they are based—respecting our future course. In the meantime, while the immediate extermination of the red race is urged by representatives of the great American people, it is fair to listen and hear from a missionary's widow (p. 182) "how delicately her need of a shawl was supplied by a Dakota woman, who came up behind her and placed one on her shoulders."

#### A GERMAN-AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.\*

PROFESSOR SCHEM's "Conversations-Lexicon" is an enterprise of considerable dimensions, utility, and merit. It is to embrace eight volumes, of eight hundred densely-printed octavo pages each, and thus, as to extent, will occupy a middle place between the two last similar publications of Brockhaus, the larger of which embraces fifteen and the smaller four volumes of nearly the same size. It promises to furnish "the German inhabitants of the United States, as well as all Germans specially interested in American affairs, all the information presented to them in the 'New American Cyclopædia'—including its supplement, the 'Annual American Cyclopædia'—in the American edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia,' and in 'Zell's Popular Encyclopædia'—exclusive, of course, of the lexicographical contents of the latter—in addition to all they can find in the best-known collections of the same kind issued in Germany. It devotes special attention to the German populations of the various American countries, and chiefly to the biography, literature, and interests of the German citizens of the United States—subjects the importance of which the "Vorwort" somewhat grandiloquently expatiates upon. To do all this in whatever way—and were it only by compilation and condensation

from the most accessible sources—requires an amount of careful labor which must tax the powers of an editorial staff of the best calibre, and we must do our editor and his co-laborers the justice of acknowledging that the general correctness, fulness, and freshness of the new "Conversations-Lexicon" reflect no little credit upon their ability and energy, and that its first volume in more than one respect very favorably compares with the corresponding parts of the English cyclopædias published in this country. We need hardly add that, in thus fully appreciating its merits, we do not judge it by a standard such as the asserted "use of all German, American, English, and French sources" would suggest to our mind, but—what under so many unfavorable circumstances it can hardly fail to be—as a compilation from compilations, generally done without an attempt to enquire into the correctness of the statements found in one or more of the compilations copied from or abridged, and but here and there enriched by original articles on special subjects. The works chiefly made use of by the German-American "Conversations-Lexicon" are the cyclopædic publications of Brockhaus and Appleton, and Lippincott's "Gazetteer." Even a superficial comparison will show how closely these guides have been followed—we are sorry to say, without acknowledgment. The following extracts, from the article "Alleghany Mountains" in the volume before us and the corresponding "Appalachian Mountains" in Appleton's "Cyclopædia," may serve as an illustration:

"Gesamtname eines Gebirgssystems Nordamerika's, das sich von dem zwischen den Neu-England-Staaten und dem Flusse St. Lawrence gelegenen Theile Canada's durch ganz Vermont, den westl. Theil von Massachusetts und die mittleren Atlantischen Staaten nach dem nördl. Theile Alabama's hinzieht. Den Namen Appalachian Mountains erhielt das Gebirge von den Spaniern unter De Soto, die denselben von dem Namen benachbarter Indianer ableiteten; Alleghany Mountains nannten es die ersten engl. Ansiedler nach einem indianischen Worte, das 'endlos' bedeuten sollte. . . . Weder im Norden noch im Süden lässt sich ein Endpunkt genau bestimmen, da es an beiden Enden in den hügeligen Regionen, die ihm folgen, nach und nach aufgeht und ausserdem im Süden seine Gneissformationen in den Kreidelagern jener Gegenden allmählig verschwinden. In seiner ganzen Ausdehnung bietet das Gebirge sowohl in Bezug auf die Höhen, als auch hinsichtlich der Richtungslinie eine eigenthümliche Gleichförmigkeit, indem die Höhe der Gipfel nur wenig variiert und die einzelnen Bergrücken durchaus keine besonderen Formationen, die sie vor den übrigen auszeichnen könnten, erscheinen lassen. . . ."

"These are the great range of mountains . . . which extend from that part of Canada lying between the New England States and the St. Lawrence River, through the whole length of Vermont, across the western part of Massachusetts and the middle Atlantic States, to the northern part of Alabama. The name Appalachian was given to the mountains by the Spaniards under De Soto, who derived it from the neighboring Indians. The name Alleghany was given by the English settlers of the north, which they received from the Indians, and which was supposed to mean Endless . . . At either end its termination is not well defined, the mountains sinking away and being lost in the hilly country that succeeds to them; and at the South its gneissoid and other ancient rocks gradually disappearing beneath the cretaceous formations of this region. In all their extent the Appalachian Mountains are remarkable, not for their great elevation, nor for their striking peaks, nor for any feature that distinguishes one portion of them from the rest, but for a singular uniformity of outline, particularly of that which defines the summit of the ridges, as well as that which marks their direction. . . ."

The temptation to abridge the articles of the larger Brockhaus, or to amplify those of the smaller, with as little alteration in style and composition as the desire of avoiding strict copying would permit, was but too natural under the circumstances, and, appreciating, as we do, the comparative value of those articles, we cannot object to their half-literal reproduction. What we condemn is, first, the omission of the acknowledgment due to the meritorious guide; secondly, the eviscerating of some of the articles in a manner destructive of the correctness of the reproduced parts—as done, for instance, in the article "Albertinische Linie" by the omission of all that refers to Duke Maurice and the changes operated by his career in the relative position and territorial possessions of the two Saxon lines; and, lastly, the injudicious alterations introduced merely for the sake of somewhat modifying the original phraseology. Thus, in the article "Albertus Magnus," the insertion of the word "geistlichen" before "Orden" is entirely unnecessary, and the omission of the word "Ordens" before "Schulen" detrimental, to the right understanding of the phrases otherwise literally copied from Brockhaus: "trat in den geistlichen Orden der Dominikaner" and "lehrte in den [Ordens-] Schulen zu Hildesheim, Regensburg, Köln und Paris." The easy process of abridging and transcribing has probably suggested the unsatisfactorily explained rule according to which in geographical articles concerning America, England, and the British possessions all over the world "M."

\* "Deutsch-amerikanisches Conversations-Lexicon. Mit specieller Rücksicht auf das Bedürfniss der in Amerika lebenden Deutschen, mit Benutzung aller deutschen, amerikanischen, englischen und französischen Quellen, und unter Mitwirkung vieler hervorragender deutschen Schriftsteller Amerika's, bearbeitet von Prof. Alexander J. Schem." Vol. I. New York: F. Gerhard. 1869.



signifies an English mile, and in those concerning "Germany and the other countries of Europe, the German." What it signifies in articles on non-British Asia or on Africa is not stated. The article "Africa" shows an amusing alternation of the German and English miles; the length and breadth of Asia are stated in English miles, not designated as such; the area of Egypt is given both in English and geographical miles, which are, however, strangely converted; while the distance of Athens from the Piræus, as given, shows that the general rule has not always been observed. Worse than all this is the carelessness with which the first meridian of longitude has been left entirely undetermined. The longitude of Arabia is reckoned from Greenwich, that of Egypt from Ferro; the longitude of Algeria from Ferro, that of the city of Algiers from Greenwich—without anything to denote it. In general both longitude and latitude remain unmentioned, even where most needed, as in the articles on Alexandria, Abyssinia, and Archangel. This is another result of the easy way, followed in most cases, of abridging without further research. Haste in doing it has been productive of many a slip of the pen. The value of the original articles varies considerably. The life of Alexander II. of Russia is of all we have noticed by far the best.

### SOME PREHISTORIC DATA.\*

WE bring together here two little books which, with no direct affinity of themes, are yet cognate in this—that they attempt to work up the beginnings of human history, especially on its religious side, from the traditions of far-off times, concerning which there is no very positive nor connected record—"The Monks before Christ" and "Traces of Picture-writing in the Bible." If one could have the easy faith of the author of the first of these books, there could hardly be a function for the critical spirit in history; and it is curious to observe how sometimes the spirit which is so critical in testing the earlier narratives of the Old Testament will not scruple to accept as authentic history traditions and conjectures purporting to come from a far more remote antiquity, and which exhibit, to say the least, no surer traces of verisimilitude. Upon data almost wholly conjectural, Mr. Johnson sets before us a chronological chart, upon which the course of ancient civilization is mapped out with the certainty of an ordnance survey, and the date of each advance is given with the precision of a Greenwich time-table. That Southern Arabia was in a state of civilization at least 10000 B.C., that "this Cushite civilization extended to the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates not later than 7000 B.C.," and to India soon afterwards, or at least as early as 5000 B.C.; that the same civilization passed over from North Africa into Spain about 5000 B.C., and "was carried to Greece from Egypt 3000 B.C., and to Italy at nearly the same time;" all this is written out upon the chart that forms the frontispiece of the volume, and expanded in the book itself, as if, amid all the confusion of uncertainty in prehistoric dates, thus much at least may be assumed with reasonable certainty. Now, though it is evident that the chronological scale usually attached to the Hebrew Scriptures must be revised and extended in order to adapt it to newly discovered facts in archaeology, yet there is hardly a date in the remote antiquity of Egypt, Arabia, or India, so well established that one can construct, as Bunsen attempted to do, a world-scheme of chronology; and it is unwise to concede to conjecture the vast reaches of time that Bunsen's scheme assumes.

Apart from this easy-going assumption and concession in matters of fact, there is little to criticise and much to commend in Mr. Johnson's book. It gives a brief account of different orders of monks, pagan and Jewish, before Christ, with a view rather to exhibit the essential spirit of monkery than to compare details of administration. The author comes to the conclusion that Christ had no connection with the Essenes, and borrowed nothing from them, and that the spirit of his teachings and the very genius of his system are contrary to the spirit of monasticism, which is "the selfish avoidance of all moral responsibility," resulting at last in spiritual apathy. "The first impulse of a man, spiritually moved, may be to connect himself with a monastic order; but, as his religious experience deepens, he sees the refined selfishness of such a course, and realizes that his heaviest cross is to be sought in the world, and in bearing with the infirmities of his fellow-men."

Mr. Johnson was moved to write his book by a somewhat intimate knowledge of the monks of Bavaria and Italy, and he proposes to treat

hereafter of Christian monasticism. In order to do this successfully he should guard against hasty generalizations. What well-read student of the Reformation, understanding the use of theological terms, would accept literally his statement that "Protestantism maintained that godliness was entirely independent of works, and could be attained by faith alone"?

The object of Dr. Miles in his "Picture-writing" is to show that, inasmuch as in the early stages of most nations picture-writing preceded the formation of an alphabet, therefore the Hebrews must have had a system of hieroglyphics which left their impress upon the subsequent language. With no claim to original investigation, nor to a new philosophy of language, Dr. Miles has nevertheless stated very well the most plausible theory of the origin and growth of language as developed by Whitney and others of the modern school of comparative philologists; but when he attempts to frame a theory of the Hebrew, finding no facts to support it, he substitutes conjecture and assumption for facts. His reasoning is to this effect: almost all primitive nations used hieroglyphics before they had alphabetic writing; it would be a solecism in the history of man if the Hebrews did not; therefore they did.

Happily the author has not been beguiled by the vagaries of Mr. C. Forster, who discovered in the Sinaitic inscriptions a system of hieroglyphics which he translated into a mongrel of Hebrew and Arabic, out of which he attempted to construct "the one primeval language." The absurdity of his scheme has been thoroughly exposed by Beer, Tuch, and other philologists, who have shown that these inscriptions belong to the Christian era, and have no trace of a Jewish origin. The method of supplying conjectural data as the basis of a theory is unscientific.

Apart from his theory, however, Dr. Miles suggests some ingenious and plausible interpretations of pictorial phrases in the Old Testament; and no doubt Hebrew exegesis has much yet to learn from the genius of oriental metaphor and from the picture element in primitive languages. His essay has opened enquiry that may lead to fruitful results.

### A HISTORY OF CRETE.\*

THE island of Crete has a history of three thousand years, and almost at no epoch, from the time that Homer sang of its ninety cities down to our own, in which its desolation by internecine struggles, both of races and religions, has reached a point perhaps never witnessed before, has its fate ceased to be interesting to the civilized world. At the remote periods when civilization drifted from the coasts of Egypt, Phœnicia, and Asia Minor, towards the northern shores of the Mediterranean, it formed, according to circumstances, a natural bridge—with Rhodes, Carpathus, Casus, and Cythera—connecting the extreme west of Asia with continental Greece; a neutral station where the various cultures of the Nile, of Syria, and of Phrygia could take root, meet, and fuse, before assuming a Hellenic shape; or a dividing rampart between the Libyan Sea and the Ægean. It became the seat of "diverse people" and "intermixed tongues," as Homer tells us; it was the cradle of heroes and divinities—of Zeus himself among others. Destined by its position, as already Aristotle observed, to rule over both seas and lands, it required only the hand of a powerful centralizer and conqueror, such as we see depicted in Minos, to develop that *thalassocratie* of which the legends of the heroic age of Hellas are full. When the labyrinth of Cnossus ceased to be an object of real or imaginary terror to the coasts all around, art, developed by Dædalus, or figuratively represented under that name, spread from the much-admired seats of Cretan power and wisdom, and Cretan colonies flourished in various countries. But soon a reflux took place, and the Dorians of the Peloponnesus carried their victorious arms and feudal institutions into the island. The organizations, laws, and customs of the Dorianized cities of Crete, in many respects resembling those of Sparta, attracted the curiosity of the philosophical minds of Greece. While the great struggle between Asia and Greece was raging, Crete stood aloof. Internal feuds distracted it for centuries. When Rome first began to extend her sway eastward, the island became entangled in alliances; but it was only after the fall of Macedon, Achaia, and Pontus, that the Romans destroyed its independence. Early Christianized, it also became an early prey to Saracenic conquest, and then first began the deadly grapple between the crescent and the cross for the possession of the island, which, renewed after a long interruption, has not ceased to this day. Reconquered by the Byzantine emperors, it was wrested from them, on occasion of the

\* "The Monks before Christ;" their Spirit and their History. By John Edgar Johnson. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1870.

"Traces of Picture-writing in the Bible." By Rev. Henry A. Miles, D.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1870.

\* "Précis de l'Histoire de Crète depuis les temps les plus anciens jusqu'à la fin de la domination romaine." Par G.-C. Bolanachi et Henri Fazy, Associé correspondant de la Société des Antiquités de France." Paris, etc. 1869.

"Précis de l'Histoire de Crète pendant le moyen âge et les temps modernes." Par G.-C. Bolanachi et Henri Fazy, Associé, etc." Paris, etc. 1869.

fourth crusade, by the Venetians, who kept it for upwards of four centuries, and whose rapacity and cruelty in stifling insurrections could hardly be surpassed by their successors in power—the Turks. The struggle for its possession between the Republic of the Adriatic and the Sultan, which was decided two hundred years ago by the surrender of the city of Candia to the Osmanlis, was witnessed with utmost interest and anxiety by the whole of Christendom. And so was the bloody insurrection to which a fanatical hatred, accumulated in long ages of oppression, remembrances of a glorious past, and the spectacle of fighting Greece, drove the Christian Cretans in 1821—an insurrection which almost converted the island into a desert, though it was once more to gather strength to renew the strife, with the same disastrous result.

Of these three thousand years of checkered history, the two volumes of MM. Bolanachi and Fazy present a detailed and instructive sketch. They are, however, unequal both in size and in merit. The ancient part, which we presume to be almost entirely the production of the last-named writer, is in every respect more comprehensive and elaborate than the second, to which M. Bolanachi, a Cretan emigrant, contributed the principal materials. The archaeological résumés present, in a pleasant and lucid form, the results of the learned researches of Belon, Meursius, Tournefort, Pococke, Olivier, Savary, Sieber, Höck, Pashley, Spratt, Thénon, and others. This part of the work is, however, far from being what the author intended to make the whole of it, a popular history, though well-chosen extracts from the classics and a style free from all pedantry render it agreeable reading to students of antiquities. The modern history is too briefly told; the narrative of the first Cretan struggle for independence in this century is both incomplete and poetically colored; the story of the struggle just closed is not given. We doubt whether this learned double "Précis" is apt to achieve, what the author aimed at, a considerable quickening of our sympathies for bleeding Crete. The main lesson to be learned from it is that the modern Cretans are as unlike the people of Minos as any Christian people can be; that the Christian Republic of Venice could be as terrible in its oppression and revenge as Moslem Stamboul ever was; and that the independent Cretans of antiquity committed, in warring with each other, all the atrocities, and in peace practised all the vices, which ever disgraced modern history or society, free or oppressed, Christian or Moslem. This is a sad lesson, but, of course, it does not impair the justice of the claims of the Cretan Christians to freedom and self-rule, nor the merit of their fruitless heroism.

*Lectures on Art.* Delivered before the University of Oxford in Hilary Term, 1870, by John Ruskin, M.A., honorary student of Christ Church and Slade Professor of Fine Art. (Macmillan, London and New York.)—This volume contains seven lectures, of which the first is an inaugural address; for the Slade professorship of Fine Art, at Oxford, is a new foundation, and Mr. Ruskin, the first professor, has only this year begun his duties. The other lectures are initiatory to an elaborate system of practical instruction. Three of the lectures are generally critical, and discuss the relation of art to religion, to morals, and to use. The others are immediately connected with the production and judgment of works of art, and are severally concerned with line, light, and color.

In the inaugural before us the founding of the Slade professorship is declared to be the accomplishment of the first group "of a series of changes now taking gradual effect in our [English] system of public education, and which are the sign of a vital change in the national mind respecting that education." Mr. Ruskin declares himself a warm friend and a friend of long standing of "the new education," and he defines it tolerably well, making of his definition itself, however, a piece of advocacy of the new state of things. "It was formerly thought," he says, "that the discipline necessary to form the character of youth was best given in the study of abstract branches of literature and philosophy, but it is now thought that the same or a better discipline may be given by informing men in early years of things it cannot but be of chief practical advantage to them afterwards to know. That is to say (for the "elective system" must of necessity, as our lecturer himself hints, go with the attempt to utilize all studies), decide first which way your boy should push his preparation for active life, and then begin the preparation at once, seeking discipline and culture for him in the studies which are necessary parts of it. But we have the assurance, too, that our lecturer at least knows where and how the pursuit of "useful knowledge" is to be modified for the sake of intelligent culture. "The object of instruction here," he says, "is not attainment, but discipline; a youth is sent to our

university not to be taught a trade or advanced in a profession, but to be made a gentleman and a scholar."

In accordance with these clearly avowed opinions, we may look to these lectures for the foreshadowing of a matured system of teaching to amateurs the criticism and the practice of art, a system intended to give to students just that knowledge of the principles of judgment of works of art which will be most useful to them as members of an intelligent and thoroughly cultivated society of the future; and just that power of drawing and (perhaps) modelling as will help best to that result, and to such insight into the beauty of nature as can be given only in that way. The practical part of it is hinted at only; we find that the students are to draw from works of art as well as from nature, that Leonardo's treatise on painting is to be used as an almost infallible guide to the right way of working, that the observation of the practice of the greatest painters is quoted constantly as of use even to beginners, that an enormous amount and variety of noble art is brought before the students, and the best of it all, so far as available, put permanently into a collection or series, for the permanent guidance and instruction of successive generations of students. Of this collection, whether complete or only in progress, a catalogue will be published, to which catalogue notes in the book before us occasionally refer.

It is evident, then, that there is a serious attempt now being made, at Oxford, to teach art to persons not artists nor meaning to become artists, and to teach it in an ideally perfect way. Mr. Ruskin, the teacher, occupies the peculiar position of having studied art more thoroughly and continuously than any living man not professionally an artist, and in a more varied and general way than any artist can. He is in the position, moreover, of a collector with abundant means and the best opportunities, and of many years' standing; and not only that, but he is a trained practical workman, and one of the first living draughtsmen of landscape and still life. One may expect in this book to find statements with which he will not agree, transcendental subtleties of thought which may seem to him strained and violent, and dreams of social economy whose realization may seem wildly impossible; but a patient and intelligent reader will know what to do with these. If the reader, besides being intelligent and patient, wishes to learn something of art, how to judge of it, and perhaps how to go to work to learn to draw, then he will wish he had Mr. Ruskin for a teacher, and in default of that he will study this book carefully and keep all he can of its more direct and simple instructions.

*Smith's Wealth of Nations*, edited by James E. Thorold Rogers. Vol. I, II.—*A Manual of Political Economy for Schools and Colleges*, by James E. Thorold Rogers. (Macmillan & Co. 1870.)—We believe it is the general opinion of the economical world that, in spite of the appearance of the Honorable Horace Greeley's great work, Adam Smith will long continue to hold his own, as the principal founder and greatest master of the science. It would now be almost as difficult to rob him of his pre-eminence and authority as to obscure Captain Cook's fame as a discoverer. It has, after seventy years' vigorous discussion, been found that, in the few cases in which other writers have ventured to differ from Smith, he has mostly been found to be right, and he has furnished the principles by which even those fields of social science which he did not touch, or knew nothing of, have to be explored. There has been until now no really good edition of the "Wealth of Nations," McCulloch's being printed in small type, and laden with notes which were more copious than valuable. Professor Rogers has therefore conferred a great benefit on all students by editing, and Messrs. Macmillan by bringing out, the handsome volumes before us. The Professor's notes are confined either to the elucidation of Smith's meaning, by the aid of fresh illustrations, or to pointing out the cases in which the labors of later observers have clearly shown his deductions to be erroneous.

Professor Rogers' own little work, the *Manual*, has, we are glad to see, gone into a second edition; but we confess, valuable as it is both for colleges and for the general reader—on the whole, perhaps, more valuable than anything of the kind we know—its fitness for schools we doubt very much, and do not recommend it for beginners. It assumes a knowledge of the operations of trade and commerce, and of the structure of society, which hardly any boy or girl possesses.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices
Edgar, B.D., (John H.), <i>The Threefold Graces of the Holy Trinity</i> .....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) \$1 50
Stephens (Mrs. Ann S.), <i>Married in Haste</i> .....	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Stiles (Henry R.), <i>History of the City of Brooklyn</i> , Vol. III.....	(By subscription)
Two Englishmen, <i>Reminiscences of America in 1869</i> .....	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)



